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Selections.

FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE.

A correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes the following letter to that paper:

Our African Correspondent.

U. S. SHIP ERIE, PORTO PRAYA. }
November, 22, 1848. }

The Slave Trade in Africa—Result of Observation and Inquiry—African Institutions, &c.

Leaving Maderia with the setting in of the sea breeze, we proceeded on our route southward. Passing through the Canary group, we reached Porto Praya, after a passage of fifteen days. This port is the most convenient depôt for the supplies of the African squadron; and our stores were here deposited in the custom house, subject to the requisition of the vessels which might from time to time need them. To pass over so interesting a spot as this without comment is sparing you a description of one of the most object and God-forsaken places which has ever been recognized as the residence of civilized man.

Until quite recently, the Cape Verd Islands were a sort of neutral ground to the slavers of the coast of Africa. They here took our new papers, purchased their supplies, and watched their opportunity for securing their cargoes on the coast of Africa. An accident has directed my inquiries to this subject, as a means of occupying my time, and I have been greatly interested in the information obtained from various sources, which I consider in the highest degree authentic. We have the declaration of a distinguished member of the British Parliament, made quite recently from his official seat, that all the efforts for the suppression of the Slave Trade have proved ineffectual to eradicate the traffic, while they have caused it, under the pressure of vigilant and hostile pursuit, to assume new phases of atrocity. The apprentice system of England has been superadded to the regular traffic, which evades the cruisers; and it has been found that the number of slaves taken from Africa is enlarged in proportion to the amount of the English captures. The commandant of one of our brigs, about to join the African squadron, is said to have answered the hail of an English cruiser, that "he was bound to the coast to protect the Slave Trade," I do not vouch for the truth of the anecdote, but heartily join in this grave irony of the project of rooting out the Slave Trade by means of armed cruisers, and of converting into apprentices those whom they may chance to capture, who are thus made slaves under colour of a more agreeable name.

I do not wish to be understood as underrating the importance of our own squadron on the coast of Africa, for I believe it is at the present moment not only one of the most actively employed, but also one of the most useful in the navy. So long as any other nation maintains the system of cruising, chasing, searching, capturing, and confiscating vessels on the coast of Africa, under pretext of their being engaged, or equipped for engaging, in the slave traffic, and that, too, under an arbitrary construction of what constitutes an offence, so long the presence of our naval vessels is of paramount importance to maintain the sanctitiy of our own flag—to shield our innocent merchantmen from vexatious pursuit, and from arbitrary detention, under pretext that the flag is falsely used to cover slave traffic, and to prevent the complaints, negotiations, and national feuds which would eventually ensue. In this respect the African squadron is in a high degree beneficial and economical, and is profitless only to those who waste their lives in the thankless duty of cruising upon this sickly coast.

Besides information collected from other sources, I have, through the kindness of one of our officers, who has cruised for some time upon this station, been put in possession of some interesting and able manuscript notes on the subject of the Slave Trade at large, from a person more competent to write upon the subject than perhaps any other man living. This person—from whom I have derived much information as to the details of the slave traffic, which, if not altogether new, possesses the interest of a certain kind of authenticity, confesses to have been engaged as a slave-dealer from 1829 to 1840; to have occupied the several grades in the business, of captain, supercargo, and factor in the slave country; to have owned establishments, at several noted places on the coast from whence slaves are generally shipped; and to have made excursions into the interior and witnessed the method of procuring slaves by the native dealers with all the aggravated horrors of pillage, slaughter, and cannibalism. He resided on the coast for several years after he retired from the traffic. To these opportunities for observation he adds an uncommon frankness in his communications. The history of his adventurous life, as related to me, is of itself a romance. He acquired that ascendency over the native kings, which a strong mind never fails to assert over an inferior one; often appealed to as a common mediator in their quarrels, his decisions, which he often turned to his own interest, had all the force of law; and he was once complimented by a British admiral, on the quarter-deck of his vessel, as the Machiavel of Africa—and his reply was, that he regretted that he could not, through him, return the compliment to the English nation. I am told that he has received the acknowledgements of the English government for an important service rendered to one of their cruisers, which prevented her capture by a Portuguese slaver. Without pretending to deny, and in some instances rendering unequivocal testimony to the alleged atrocities of the traffic, he supports the opinion that it should be tolerated as a benign institution, improving the deplorable condition of the slave in Africa, by a change of masters and country; and he declares that the present system of espionage and capture, without checking the export, has aggravated necessarily the horrors of the traffic.

In a letter appended to the manuscript, addressed to the Rev. J. M. Trew, Secretary of the English Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade and the Colonization of Africa, he says:—"I am aware that but little value will be given to my labour, as prejudice is the predominating fault and true characteristic of the English. I foresee that when it is known that the accompanying answers [to printed questions propounded by the Society] are the work of an Italian and an old slave-merchant, no notice will be taken of them, and perhaps not a word believed; but those who are personally acquainted with me, have visited Africa, and seen the native customs, will readily join in my opinion."

Slavery exists throughout Africa; from Senegambia to the Red Sea, and from Cape Colony to Algiers. The export to the West Indies and Brazil is confined mainly to the Gulf of Guinea on the west and to the coast of Mozambique on the east; but everywhere the institution exists, and what I am about to state will make it the more apparent that it must be universal.

From the want of any recognized money, the value of a slave is the sole standard of currency. Territory, houses, wives, cattle, &c. are all valued as so many slaves or fractions of a slave. Marriage contracts and treaties in council (Palabras) are all arranged in slave currency. The property of any chief or merchant is invariably reckoned so many slaves. Thus, Slavery is recognized in every condition and transaction of life, and slaves are interchanged in the affairs of business, precisely as gold and silver pass from hand to hand among ourselves. The trade is restricted by no laws, and the power of the master is absolute.

Such an institution cannot have been planted during the last two centuries; it must necessarily have existed from a very remote period, as it still exists, by virtue of birth or forfeiture of liberty, for misfortune or crime, or voluntary recouncement of it for gain.

The Africans have no charities for the infirm and destitute; no lunatic asylums, hospitals, poor-houses, or jails. They have adopted the custom, which distinguishes the code of Christendom, of involuntary servitude for crime. Having no recepticles for the detention of criminals, as prisoners of the State, they commit them to the custody of individuals, who have absolute power over their labour, persons, and lives. The African judge, therefore, condemns the murderer, highwayman, incendiary, and adulterer, and other felons to the slave market, as the more humane and the only means he has of chastising malefactors, save by capital punishment. So, poverty, or some other grinding necessity, may have compelled an individual to disburden himself of the care of an infirm or disabled relative, and he is sold as a slave. Usage sanctions what necessity originally suggested, and the slave acquiesces in what for ages has been the common lot. Take away this resource, and the taking of life would be the only substitute their condition offers. The more benighted and miserable islanders of the South Seas, under the same circumstances, adopt the latter alternative, and, without the slightest compunction, destroy the decrepid and diseased. The aged parent (often at his own request) is confined in a cage and left to starve or to be torn in pieces by beasts, or is buried alive and trodden to death by his own sons. This awful parricide is perpetrated with the solemenity of a religious rite. Such is humanity in its lowest grade—impelled by the same desperate instinct which leads some gregarious wild animals to put an end to the life of one of their number who has been maimed or wounded.

The benighted African tribes adopt the milder alternative, of selling into perpetual and galling Slavery. The brother sells his mad sister, to relieve himself of the trouble of maintaining her, or to avoid mischief or danger in his house. The father barters his sickly son for weapons of war or the chase, or a new wife, or some additional comfort to his household. Even the maternal instinct, ever asserting its mastery over custom, 'privation and hardship, is lulled by the potent spells of vanity; and the mother parts sorrowfully with her imbecile son, to escape shame and ridicule among her neighbours; for it is the custom among the Africans to look upon the bearer of crippled or idiot children with contempt and derision. It is a most withering rebuke to upbraid a parent with his children's infirmities, and such an insult is rarely pardoned without the effusion of blood. As one never rises to much consideration in Africa, until he has a large family of healthy children, the Africans set great value upon their progeny who are sound in mind and body; but, as in analogous cases in some more civilized communities, they do not care to recognize or support those who are no credit to their parents.

The husband will, therefore, embrace the first chance of selling as a slave the barren wife he before purchased according to the custom of the country. The deaf, the dumb, the blind—even those afflicted with hernias, fistulas, and other diseases which their doctors cannot cure—the insane and the feeble-minded—instead of being sent, as with us, to charitable institutions, are sold into Slavery; and being the least valuable of slaves, these, more generally, find their way to the slave factories of the coast, where they may be received and sent out of the country. Just so, it is said, the same miserable and decrepid creatures are shipped from the poor houses of England, and landed penniless and destitute upon our shores. It is thus extremes meet, and the most civilized and benighted of the old world, of those who cannot support themselves;—only the African has practised for centuries what the more enlightened nation has just begun to learn; and the African leaves them in charge of a master, whose interest it is to take care of them; and in the other case they are left to starve, without a protector, unless rescued by the chance humanity of a stranger. In addition to the abovementioned classes of slaves, are those who are born in that condition; others are captives taken in war, or kidnapped during the night, who may or may not have been originally free; and others voluntarily reduce themselves to Slavery, to find the means of gratifying their passions. Thus, the gambler will sell himself, his wives, children, brothers, and all over whom he has control, to find the means of gratyfying his insatiable appetite.

Such are the institutions and customs of Africa, by which men become slaves. I do not learn that any of them have been introduced, in consequence of the foreign demand for slaves. On the other hand, they appear to have been of indigenous growth and not of foreign planting. How far an impetus may have been given to the domestic traffic by the transportation of slaves abroad, is a question upon which opinions may be divided; but there can be no difference of opinion, as to the degradation and guilt of those white dealers, who, outraging the sentiment of the whole civilized world, have allied themselves to the barbarous customs of the African tribes, and have added to the lot of the slave the atrocities of the middle passage.

I will close this letter, already too much lengthened, to resume the subject in my next. J. H.

DOMESTIC SLAVERY.

We happened upon the following letter in the *Syracuse Star*, as we were about handing the above, from the *Herald*, to the printer, and let this accompany that as an evidence of how the same thing looks under another aspect.

Correspondence of the Syracuse Star.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

ALBANY, April 2, 1849.

Though I may be considered out of my place, by meddling with the subject of Slavery, I must once more ask the indulgence of your readers, while I set before them a few of the obstacles in the way of emancipation, and some of the slave laws of this State. But first, let me correct an error which some one has fallen into, with regard to a published letter from Judge Hydenfelt of Mobile, to the Governor of Alabama, against the importation of slaves from other States into this. In an article copied by the *Star*, and headed "Emancipation in Alabama," the writer construes *this* letter, as the dawn of emancipation in this State—but that was not the object for which it was written. It was laying a plan to prevent the Northern Slave States, who are now discussing the question of emancipation, from sending their slaves here and selling them at reduced prices, previous to such an act taking effect; thus flooding the country with a surplus of slaves, and reducing the value of slave labour. They also hope, by destroying the market for the slaves of those States, to head off the act of emancipation, and prevent them by the cupidity of the slaveholders, from becoming free. Much is said by the southern papers on this subject. But I did not intend to discuss this subject politically, leaving that for wiser heads; I only wish to speak of facts as I find them existing here, and particularly those that strike me as inconsistent with the rights of humanity. The laws of this State are so woven around the slave, that it is next to impossible that one of them should ever become free, either by emancipation or flight. If a person wishes to free his own slave or slaves, he must publish a notice sixty days previous, of his intention to make application to the court, at such a time and place, for permission to do so. If no objections are made by creditors or others, the Judge proceeds to make out free papers; but the slaves continue such, until they are removed from the State, which must be within 12 months. They must be protected by their former owners beyond the limits of Slavery, for they are met upon the threshold of other slave States by laws similar to those in force here. No free negro is allowed to come into the State, or being here, to remain in it, except such as were free previous to 1832 and their descendants.

If these emancipated slaves return to the State, they are to be sold again, as slaves for life; and if a free negro from another State presumes to come here, he subjects himself to the penitentiary. No slave is allowed to leave the tenement of his master, or the plantation, without a permit in writing, without this, he is liable to be taken up and receive twenty lashes. Any person apprehending a slave and delivering him to a Justice of the peace, or his master, receives six dollars; but if a Justice apprehends a slave in a regular negro hunt, and commits him to jail, advertises him, sells him, &c. his fee is thirty dollars. Unless the owner appears within six months of the commitment, the negro is sold a slave for life; the expenses of committal, jail fees, board, and other expenses, are paid out of the proceeds of the sale, and the remainder goes into the public treasury. Guarded as the system is by law, and surrounded as this State is, by other slave States, few succeed in making their escape, though I find by notices of committal and sale, that many of them make the attempt.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS REWARD,

Will be paid for the apprehension of one negro girl, by the name of ANN—she left my residence in Montgomery, on the 1st of June, yellow complected, about 17 or 18 years of age, 4 feet 8 or 9 inches high, has a scar on the left hand caused by a burn, oetween the thumb and fore finger, extends up as high as the first joint of the wrist. The above reward will be paid for the girl delivered to me in Montgomery, or in any safe jail so I can get her.

THOMAS HOGAN.

September 28, 1848.

COMMITTED,

To the Jail of St. Clair county, Alabama, on the 10th day of October, A. D. 1848, a runaway slave, who calls his name George, and says he belongs to a trader by the name of Charles Davis, and that he left said Davis near Nachez, (Miss.) about the 1st of June last.

George is of dark complexion, 30 years of age, full 6 feet high, has one of his upper eye teeth missing, and is deaf in his right ear.

The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be dealt with according to law.

JAMES CLEMENT, Jailor.

November 21, 1848.

I one day overheard a conversation between an owner, an old lady, and a slave who had attempted to gain his freedom by flight, and after being absent 73 days, was retaken and returned to her. He had received his punishment of whipping, and confinement in jail until he recovered from its effects, and this seemed to be the first time he had appeared in her presence since this had taken place. She reproached him in no measured terms for what she called his *ingratitude*, when she had brought him up from a child, and had always tried to find good masters for him; (she did not employ him herself, but kept him for hire.) She told him she had brought up more than a hundred "niggers" and never had one run away before; she was ashamed of him, and would sell him the first opportunity. She denied his claim to religion, for his attempted escape was to her, proof that he had none. He listened to her with the most profound respect, and with meek submission acknowledged his punishment, though severe, was all right. He humbly asked her to forgive him, and promised to be her faithful servant still.—She told him she would not forgive him. He replied, "I pray God, Missa, you will." I could not but wish he had been successful in the attempt to gain his freedom. Another thing that offends my republican notions is this: a slave is liable to be seized by virtue of an execution, and lodged in jail for safe keeping until the day of sale, to pay the indebtedness of his master. It is now being considered a relic of barbarism to put the *debtor* in jail, but here the unoffending slave is seized upon and incarcerated in prison walls, to be relieved only by a sale, which separates him from former friends and associates.—Some tie is rudely broken—it may be a mother is taken from her little ones, for the law knows no mercy.

Slaves are not allowed to assemble together and be addressed by one of their own colour, except in the presence of five *respectable* slaveholders, and an plantation where they belong, may be broken up by the lash. I could go on and quote other slave laws, equally unjust, but fear to offend your readers by this detail of naked facts. I will speak of but one more, and that one interests the North as well as South. I allude to the seizure of coloured seamen, on their arrival at southern ports, incarcerating them in prison, and then, if the captain chooses to sail without them, they are left to the mercy of these slave laws. I have read in the New Orleans papers this winter, notices of such persons having been confined several successive months, the proper authorities neglecting to release them. Have not the North a right, and is it not a duty, to protect her own citizens, or are not free coloured persons citizens of any State? Perhaps I have already trespassed too far upon the kind consideration of your readers, and will follow the subject no farther.

My love of liberty is strong, and I should rejoice to see the whole human family prepared, and permitted to enjoy it in its true sense. Not that wholesome restraint should be abolished, and anarchy and discord usurp the place of law and order, but I would have the labourer protected by the same laws that are made for the employer, and enjoying the same immunities and rights of citizenship. The love of liberty is inherent in the human breast, and that government which holds one class in servile subjection to another, must be one of *force* and *fear*. It can never be reconciled with the law of love, which recognizes all as brethren of one common family, and makes it obligatory upon all to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. How these good people can reconcile the system with an enlightened christianity or pure patriotism, I have never been able to decide.

Liberty is now becoming the watchword of all nations. One stroke for freedom follows another in such quick succession, that we have almost ceased to wonder at the rapid strides it is making, and expect to see the march of civil and religious liberty pressing on and on, until tyranny and oppression of every form is banished from the earth; liberty in its truest sense shall be inscribed on every banner, and peace and good will to men shall reign triumphant.

H.

In another letter the same writer says:

Perhaps I have not given Memphis all the credit it deserves as a business place, and will add, that here is also a great market for slaves. They are brought from the more Northern Slaves States, and sold here to the negro trade, to supply the demand of the news and more sickly portions of the South. The average life of slave labourers on anger plantations does not exceed five years—consequently, new supplies are in constant demand.

There are two slave markets, or pens, in the city, where human beings are confined like cattle, and exposed for examination and sale. They are here, and also at New Orleans, arranged upon the sidewalk for show, precisely as a merchant would expose his goods or a mechanic his wares. Negro auctions, where men, women, and children are sold ed, A large lot was offered, and the auctioneer, by way of in the street to the highest bidder, are almost every-day occurrence. Never shall I forget one of the sales that I attended-excuse for their travel-worn appearance that they had "walked from Virginia, a distance of 700 miles, and were somewhat tired—but if he could keep them a week to recruit, he would make them look a $1000 a piece better." Among the number was a slave mother, and her five young children. After being sold herself, she stood holding her master's horse in the crowd and with all a mother's anguish depicted in her countenance, she was watching the sale of her children, as one by one they found an owner and were taken from her, to go she knew not whither. I could not repress the tear of sympathy as I looked upon her, and remembered, too, that this scene was one of every day occurrence in this fair land. I may possibly be laughed at for my sensibility, by those who think the slave almost destitute of humanity; but I saw enough in the hour I stood there to show that they are not the soulless being they are sometimes represented. Would to heaven they were, for then they would never feel the wrongs which are so cruelly heaped upon them. I fancied many in the crowd looked ashamed of the transaction in which they were engaged. An Abolition lecture was not intended on this, my introduction to your readers, and I forbear.

SHOCKING AFFAIR.

A man killed by a negro—two others badly wounded—the negro pursued, overtaken, and killed!

It is our painful task to record one of the most shocking murders that has ever occurred within the bounds of our country, which happened in the prairie, near the quiet village of Pikeville. Through the politeness of Thos. E. Buckingham, Esq. we are furnished with the evidence given before a Justice's court, from which we cull the following particulars

It appears that Mr. Higgason attempted to correct a negro man in his employ, who resisted, drew a knife and stabbed him (Mr. H.) in several places—a Mr. J. C. Hobbs, a Tennessean, ran to his assistance. Mr. Hobbs stooped to pick up a stick to strike the negro, and while in that position, the negro rushed upon him, and with a dirk inflicted a wound in his left breast, which caused his immediate death.

The negro then fled to the woods but was pursued with dogs, and soon overtaken. He had stopped in a swamp to fight the dogs, when the party who were pursuing came upon and commanded him to give up, which he refused to do; he then made several efforts to stab them—Mr. Robertson, one of the party, gave him several blows on the head with a rifle gun; but this, instead of subduing, only increased his desperate revenge. Mr. R. then discharged his gun at the negro, and missing him, the ball struck a Mr. Boon in the face and felled him to the ground; the negro seeing Mr. Boon prostrated, attempted to rush up and stab him, but was prevented by the timely interference of some one of the party. He was then shot three times with a revolving pistol and once with a rifle, and after having his throat cut, he still kept the knife firmly grasped in his hand, and tried to cut their legs when they approached to put an end to his life.

Mr. Boon is said to be seriously wounded. Mr. Higgason's wounds are slight.—*Houston Republican.*

The Standard.

GREAT ANTI-COLONIZATION MASS MEETING

OF

THE COLOURED CITIZENS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

[*Reported for the Standard by William Henry Burr, Phonographer.*]

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Coloured Citizens of the city of New York, was held at the *Shiloh Presbyterian Church*, on Monday evening, April 23d 1849, for the purpose of expressing their views in regard to certain acts of the *American Colonization Society*, and, by and with its consent, of an agent now in England, who is there making statements to the effect that the coloured people of these United States had expressed themselves favourable to emigration to Liberia, and appealing to British benevolence to aid them in their efforts. The meeting was called to order, and on motion of *Mr. George T. Downing*, of the Committee of Arrangements, *Rev. J. W. C. Pennington*, was appointed President; *Messrs. William A. Tyson, Boston Crummell, George Lawrence*, and *Newport F. Henry*, Vice Presidents; *Messrs. Ransom S. Wake* and *William P. Powell*, Secretaries. The meeting was opened with prayer by the *Rev. Mr. Lacast.*

The President, [MR. PENNINGTON,] on taking the Chair addressed the meeting as follows:

Esteemed fellow citizens I thank you for the honour thus conferred upon me. I shall not occupy your attention by any lengthy remarks; it would not be in good taste to do so, when I am merely placed here to give direction to the efforts of more able minds.

You will indulge me, however, for a single moment while I recount a few incidents in the recent history of Colonization.

Early in the summer of 1848 our attention was attracted by certain movements of a few prominent Colonizationists in and about the city of New York. The arrival of His Excellency J. J. Roberts, Rev. Beverly R. Wilkins, Russell and others from Liberia was the occasion of this new effort. Several public meetings were held. At those meetings the President of Liberia and his associates united with Colonizationists, eulogised them for past success, praised them for present fidelity, and also blamed the coloured people for withholding their confidence from them as a class. The last meeting of their series was held in the Broadway Tabernacle sometime about the latter part of July. There was a respectable attendance of the coloured people of this city, who attended on invitation by public notice through the daily papers; but they found themselves grossly insulted by the Liberian delegation who reproved, and reproached us in the most sarcastic terms for daring to love our native land. They were backed up by Elliot Cresson Esq. who presided over the meeting, and by J. B. Pinney, who acted as a sort of master ceremonies.—So outrageous were the insults offered to the feelings of the coloured portion of the audience, that several of them felt called upon to protest against the uncourteous allusions and insinuations of the speakers. But how were they received? The Rev. Mr. McLean the Secretary of the Colonization Society, and if I am not mistaken, the gentleman who acted as chaplain of the meeting said to a coloured minister who had made his way to the stand to reply: "You have no right to come here and interrupt our meeting." Elliot Cresson, the chairman, said, "There is a meeting appointed for your people to-morrow evening in the Abysynian Baptist Church."

At the meeting held in the Abysynian church one alarming fact was elicited, namely, that the accredited commissioners of the Republic of Liberia were securing to the American Colonization Society by treaty, the control of their public lands out of which new States are to be formed.

In these facts and circumstances of the case discerning minds among us saw cause for alarm.

Subsequently to all this a coloured pastor of this city after due notice by hand bills and through the papers, assembled a meeting in this church and undertook to prove that the Colony, or Republic of Liberia was not independent of the American Colonization Society. On that occasion an array of facts and arguments were presented which could not be overthrown, which have not been attempted to be met, and which went to show that the Liberian Republic is still under the control of the American Colonization Society. Just about this time President Roberts, after receiving the freedom of this city and making a flying visit to Washington, sailed for Europe, and he obtained a recognition of the independence of his government by that of Great Britain, and also by that of France. A certain wealthy Colonizationist of this city made a visit to England about the same time and no doubt laid the President under great obligations to him, so that when he accomplished his object he hastened to report to him. To say nothing about the anomalous spectacle of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic acting in the capacity of Minister extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, this was in keeping with the bad taste and want of dignity manifested by His Excellency while in this country. And for this I know not whether to blame President Roberts or the leading Colonizationists most.

How will any American look these facts in the face; that while the Colonizationists dared not so much as apply to their own Government for a second Revenue Cutter for the President of Liberia, on account of the excited state of the public mind, they could send this to France to be recognized just in the midst of the fearful process of changing her government; and to Great Britain at the most critical point of her history?

This bold and deep stroke of policy on the part of that Society has for its object the regaining of its oppressive influence in this country. It was the object of that Society to obtain a virtual act of incorporation from the British Government in connection with its recognition of the independence of Liberia. Hence, on the heels of success in that movement they have sent out their special agent to appeal to British philanthropists in aid of their funds.

Fellow citizens, the time has come when we must commence and fight the old battle over again. That battle, I mean, the history of which is given in one part of Garrison's Thoughts on Colonization—the part comprising the voice of the free people of colour. And I hope this will be one of a long series of meetings that shall be held in different towns and cities in the Union to give expression to the sentiments of the free people of colour in relation to the American Colonization Society. If the Rev. Mr. Miller has been representing your sentiments truly and faithfully, by telling the British nation that you are in a body ready and willing to go to Liberia, then let it stand so, and let it be endorsed to night by resolutions. But if it is not so, then say by your resolutions that such representations are untrue. (Applause.)

Mr. George T. Downing then rose and offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, letters have been received in this country from the Rev. Alexander Crummell, now in England on a mission in behalf of his Church, informing us that the the Rev. Mr. Miller, an agent of the American Colonization Society is at present in England, labouring in behalf of said Society, soliciting the aid of British Philanthropy, representing to the British public, that the coloured people of these United States are beginning to favour the Colonization scheme. And whereas, this representation of said agent is false and unfounded, inasmuch as the people of colour of these United States, having, during the last thirty years, held many hundred meetings in public, on the subject of the American Colonization Society, and whereas, at all these meetings they have uniformly protested against the doctrines, the designs, and the influences of that Society, as evil doctrines, diabolical designs, and slave crushing influences, which views we do still retain, therefore be it Resolved,

That the idea of the American Colonization Society when first conceived, was combinedly opposed and denounced by the people of colour throughout the free States in 1817, and at the present moment, being identically the same, it has, and will continue to have, as it always has had, the abhorence and contempt of our people.

Resolved, That the testimony of our generation of the people of colour is entirely, uniformly, and absolutely against the scheme of African Colonization, and that this solemn testimony—peculiar in the history of this people, should be abundant evidence to all men that we will not remove to Africa except by the exercise of force.

Resolved, That as natives of the soil we feel an affinity, an attachment thereto, which neither injury, oppression nor [illegible] in the form of the American Colonization Society or any other wicked scheme, can destroy, and it is our solemn determination [illegible] lasts to be neither seduced nor driven from our homes.

On the resolutions Mr. D. remarked as follows:

It is not my purpose in offering this preamble and resolutions to occupy much time this evening. The gentleman who has consented to second the resolution will do so with more ability than I possibly could. In fact, I see that there is not much necessity of my attempting to impress upon an audience of our people, any degree of disgust for the contemptible efforts of the American Colonization Society, for if there be any one subject upon which we as a people are united, it is in our detestation of that Society. When the scheme was first conceived and made known to the world, three thousand of our people met in solemn assemblage, in the city of Philadelphia, and proclaimed to the American people their condemnation of it. They branded it as their enemy. This idea has, from that moment to this, ever been fixed and prominent in the mind of every thinking, honest coloured man. All joined in this expression of opinion. Nearly every city, town and village in the Free States joined in condemnation of the scheme. They said "this country is our home, and from it we will neither be seduced nor driven." And the force and effect of this general expression was felt materially by the Colonization Society. They staggered under the blow, nor have they since regained that unity, strength and vigour with which they started.

Fellow citizens, the question now is, shall we continue that strife, or shall we cease to attack this foe? Shall their secret designs go unnoticed on our part? Certainly not. We must defend our opinions. We must make an effort to correct the misrepresentations made with regard to us by the Rev. Mr. Miller, now in England. There are many considerations why we should as a people take a bold and prominent stand with regard to this Colonization scheme.

But it is not my purpose to make any extended remarks as I cheerfully give way to others who are more accustomed to speaking than myself and whom you are no doubt impatient to hear.

MR. CHARLES LENOX REMOND.—I scarcely need intimate sir, that I take great pleasure in giving my second to the series of resolutions which have been presented to the consideration of this large and intelligent assembly through my friend Mr. Downing, and in saying so much sir, I could have wished to have been allowed to take my seat, for there are others present to whom I should have preferred to listen. But sir, I feel that the present meeting called for the purpose of discussing the subject which has been introduced for our consideration, is one in which we, as a people, are deeply interested. This thought alone moves me more than any other to take this platform. It is not my purpose to recapitulate here, either the history or the origin of the American Colonization Society, or its subsequent acts. These things are before the American people, they are acquainted with them; and if there is one object more than another to be gained by the holding of this meeting, I apprehend it is to deepen the detestation already entertained toward that infamous scheme.

But sir, we fail in one essential particular here this evening; we have not the persons before us who are mainly the supporters of the American Colonization Society. If they were present I should have no difficulty whatever in saying the few things I have to express. But if they hear me at all it must be through my audience, and of course it can only go to them at second-hand.

That the entire people of colour are opposed to the Colonization Society I do not believe. And I apprehend that there are those present this evening who are not prepared to subscribe to the resolutions which have just been introduced. To such I have a few thoughts to suggest, and whilst I shall do so, I shall endeavour to make a distinction between the spirit which prompted the American Colonization Society into being, and the spirit which prompts many coloured persons to go to the colony of Liberia, in the spirit of enterprise, and adventure. With this class I have no war, so to express myself. And I wish to be distinctly understood, that I believe in the largest exercise of individual opinions, individual ambitions for elevation and wealth. And I also recognize the fullest right in coloured persons, as well as in white, to go where they shall choose to go, for the purpose of bettering their condition either morally, socially, politically or religiously. I say sir, I am here, not to oppose, but to give my countenance to action of this kind. But I feel that the spirit of the American Colonization Society, from its origin to the present moment, has been to break up that exercise of our individuality. I hate it sir, not so much that I believe it ever can remove the people of colour from these United States, but because I believe that so long as it shall exist, its tendency is to make more rabid the spirit of caste and prejudice against the coloured people in this country. And I think sir, that it is honest in this expression, that it comes honestly by this spirit. I have, however, felt that the Colonization Society originated in American Slavery, and coming from such a source I do not believe that any good can come out of it. Therefore I have ever warred against it and must be permitted to do so now. Why, sir, there are those at the present moment who can blink the charges which the American Colonization Society have from time to time preferred against the people of colour, and in the face of these charges can insist that there is nevertheless, charity and even Christianity in the movement. Well, if the charges have not been sanctioned and subscribed to by the parent Society, I could allow *my* charity to go out to that extent; but as long as I can remember having heard the speeches of the leaders of the Colonization Society, I have either found those charges directly or indirectly made, or subscribed to by the different members of that Society. And what have those charges been?—Have they conveyed the idea that the free people of colour should be recognized on an equal footing with other citizens, in any part of our country, under any circumstances? On no occasion have I seen it. On the contrary the endeavour has been from beginning to end to prejudice the American mind more deeply than it was before through the efforts of American Slavery itself.—Now I need not intimate, Mr. Chairman, the grossness of these charges, the untruthfulness of them, nor their bitterness, hatred, enmity and jealousy. But sir, how are they to be met? I hold that the present meeting is the place to put again the seal of condemnation upon all such charges, by the adoption of such resolutions as have been offered.

Now I know that the American Colonization Society through its auxiliary in my native State, (Massachusetts,) has been blazing forth these charges. Some of the most influential of our statesmen as well as clergymen have subscribed to them by their countenance, by their support, by their contributions, by their appeals, and by their prayers in behalf of the parent Society. And hence it has ever been my endeavour to meet the Society as found at its birth in 1817. And I can no more welcome the advocate of Colonization that stands forth in Park street Church in Boston, than I can Henry Clay when he delivers an anniversary oration in the city of Washington. I hold the two to be identical in this matter, be their position what they may in my native State or elsewhere.

Why sir, I remember well when the question was being discussed concerning the abolition of the remnant of that old slave law, the inter-marriage law, in the city of Boston, that when we, as a people, found fault that we were not at liberty to exercise one of the first prerogatives conferred upon us by our God and Creator, we were told in public as well as in private, that if we did not like the customs, usages, and laws of our native State, we could go to our fatherland in Africa, under the auspices of the American Colonization Society. I asked them to repeat the charges. And the Legislature of that State, when it was my privilege to stand [illegible] if we had ever sacrificed our rights by our vices, or whether we had acquired them by our virtues; and that Legislature remained silent, and has remained silent from that time to this And, sir, I hope the day is not far distant when upon that question being put in other parts of our country, the only answer that shall be made, shall be one of silence. Silence in many instances, is ominous, and in this it is ominous in view of the infernal machinations of the American Colonization Society from the very moment of its inception to the present time. Hence, whether in the abstract or in the concrete, it is ever to be detested by us, as a people, it is ever to be opposed, and if necessary, to be resisted even to the shedding of the blood that necessity will find a place in our hearts. (Applause.)

Now sir, a word with regard to these charges. I see before me this evening a large number of people of colour. What says the Society? That we are "low, vicious, idle, besotted:" in a word, that we are "nuisances, and consequently that we must be removed." But in the very next breath they tell the patrons of the Society and those whom they would convert to their cause; "remove these low, vicious, idle, besotted nuisances to Africa, and in an instant they stand up clothed in all the attributes calculated to make them missionaries and teachers in the work of civilization and Christianity." I have asked them to put this and that together, and reconcile them if they can. My audience, sir, gives the lie to the charges, and my audience will give the lie to them to night by endorsing these resolutions. And I hope sir, that when the proceedings of this meeting shall go over to England, and shall meet the eye of Mr. (agent) Miller, that they will have the desired effect upon him,—that they will teach him that if we are low and besotted in this country, it is American Slavery and the Colonization Society that have made us so; (Applause) that if we are vicious, American Slavery has made us vicious: that if we are idle, American prejudice has made us idle: in short that American Slavery and the American Colonization Society have been the instruments of making us just what we are in our vices. (Applause.)

If we are ignorant, I ask to whom it is attributable but to Slavery and the Colonization Society. The one has said, that if we wished to obtain a knowledge of the Arts and Sciences, we must be colonized; and the other, when we have knocked at the door of the college and academy, has said to us, go to your fatherland. We have been treated shamefully, aye shamefully! Here in your city not long since, was written over the door of one of your places of public exhibition. "No admission for dogs and negroes" (laughter.) Sir, I believe that American Slavery instituted that notice in that place of exhibition. In Philadelphia a few weeks ago, I saw a notice intimating to "respectable coloured people" that they could gain admission to see the wax-figures on a certain day and hour, taking it for granted that this was to be felt by them as a privileze. What but American Slavery and the American Colonization Society prompted the notice in that paper?

Now sir, I call upon this audience to give their unanimous sanction to the most radical sentiments contained in this resolution. And why do I say it? Sir, a distinguished man long ago has said "eternal vigilance was the price of liberty." I wish to repeat that motto, by saying that *eternal vigilance is the price of our safety as a people in the United States.* (Applause.) How does it happen that in the State of New York there are thousands of coloured persons disfranchised? How does it happen that the same is true of the State of Pennsylvania, of Connecticut and other States? Can we trace it to any other source than the one to which I have referred? I apprehend not. Sir, I believe that Henry Clay, with all his eloquence on one hand, and John C. Calhoun, with all his *devilism* (laughter) on the other, would not come before this meeting and attempt to sustain their charges. And why? Because as my friend, H. C. Wright said of another movement not long since in Philadelphia, "their movement carries upon its face a lie." And what is the lie? Why, that Africa is our fatherland. Now I apprehend that if we should note and count this audience we should be obliged to come to the conclusion that the fatherland of the coloured people was almost anywhere else than Africa (great laughter). I think sir, that their origin would be traceable to very nearly the same spot-where are found your Clays, your Calhouns, your McDuffies, and your Wises (renewed laughter.) I apprehend that it would be found in any other direction than Africa at least. But my remark is not directly applicable to my audience alone. A distinguished man said long ago, that "in the veins of many a slave is known to course the blood of the noblest of our Southern planters." Well sir, why does it happen that in the southern country we find a law unlike the law of any other country beneath the canopy of heaven? We find the law there to be that the child shall follow the condition of the mother. Why is this? Sir, if the people in the southern country were to follow the condition of the father, we know very well what that condition would be (laughter and applause). Now it seems to me that the patrons of the Colonization Society need to change their phraseology, and if they insist that we go to Africa at all, it should be on the score that Africa is our *mother* and not our fatherland (laughter). I do not, Mr. Chairman, wish to

convey the idea that if Africa was my fatherland I should be ashamed of it; very far from it. For in view of the vices of the white American on the one hand, and the virtues of the coloured American on the other, I think we may be decidedly more proud of our ancestry than they can be of theirs, so far as the last one or two hundred years is concerned. We have everything else to be ashamed of on our part, and I am not here to depreeate the Colonization Society on the score of being ashamed of Africa as my fatherland.

One word more in this connection. We look around our country at the present time, and what do we behold? We find coming to our shores day after day, week after week, month after month, thousands and tens of thousands of those who have heretofore been a population of paupers, and they receive a hearty welcome as they pour in from every country and clime, from every tongue and kindred. Now, sir, it is strange that while the doors of the American people are thrown widely open, and all classes from every country are allowed to come, and are welcomed here, it is strange, I say, that there are not some other reasons than those given why a peculiar class of the American people should be transported out of the country. I believe, sir, that the scheme is unconstitutional as well as unchristian. I do not know a section or passage or word in the American Constitution recognizing the removal of any portion of the American people unstained by crime; and I have never been satisfied with the coolness with which, in too many instances, the propositions of the Colonization Society have been received by the coloured people. I think, sir, we should have shown more spirit in the matter. I can give you an illustration of the spirit which actuates some of the advocates of this Society.

While in London, in 1849, my good friend, Thomas Sturge, informed me that on that evening Mr. Cresson was to deliver a lecture on the colonization scheme at a public place, nineteen miles from the city. It was then four o'clock and I immediately took the cars and went out to the place where the lecture was to be given. I was an entire stranger in that town, and I enquired for the place of the meeting. On reaching it and going in, I saw that it was held in a sort of Amphitheatre, which was then occupied by a literary society in that town before which Mr. Cresson was lecturing. I stood near the door and before me was a bulwark by looking over which I could see and hear what was going on. The audience was an intelligent one, and Mr. Cresson was making out an excellent story in behalf of the Colonization Society As he was about finishing his remarks, I asked the doorkeeper if he thought I would be permitted to ask the lecturer a question. He said he did not know how it would be; and while conversing with him, a friend came out who happened to know me, having seen me at a meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and he spoke to me. I made known my wish, and he said at once that he would secure to me a hearing. When Mr. Cresson was about closing his remarks I rose, and in as a polite a manner as I was able, asked him if he would permit me to ask or suggest a question. He looked at me and recognized me, and after pausing a moment, he said no; and then turned to the audience giving them to understand why he would not allow me to ask a single question. He said that I was one of the number who subscribed to Garrison's views, who went against the American Constitution and the American Union, who called slaveholders thieves and robbers, &c.; in a word, that I was in coöperation with the men who would be happy to see our Southern country drenched in blood. His remark, although brief, was forcible, and the audience responded to them. Of course I was to understand the response as a sort of rebuke to myself. However, when he had finished I asked the audience to bear with me for a moment—that I came from the country from which Mr. Cresson came, that I was one of the number which the Colonization Society proposed to remove, and that I thought I had a right to ask a question, if I should couch it in respectful terms. Well, the cry went round the building "hear him, hear him!" [Applause.] I then took occasion to change my first purpose, and instead of asking Mr. Cresson the question I had proposed, I took the opportunity to give the Colonization Society a sort of sidewise thrust, or as the Yankee boys would call it, "a side winder," (laughter) and I found before I had proceeded far that the responses in my behalf were much more numerous than the previous ones. And now I thought I would be safe in making a short speech. I did so, and took my seat. On sitting down I was at once invited to lecture in that place on the subject, but before I accepted the invitation I gave Mr. Cresson a polite invitation to discuss the subject with me, one, two, three, or four evenings. He said no; he would not condescend to discuss with one coming from the United States, and exhibiting such a spirit as I had done on that evening. Well, I thought I had already achieved a slight victory. I accepted the invitation, went to the place at the appointed time, delivered my lecture, and received a unanimous vote of thanks from the audience, who made up a comfortable little purse for my lecture, and I went back to London feeling pretty well. [Applause.] I merely call your attention to this matter to show you that among the agents in England, whenever and wherever they find sympathy, you can see the same spirit manifested as that to which I have referred. It is to be seen in the treatment which Mr. Cresson gave me on that occasion. I ask my audience now, if it does not prove that, in view of the circumstances which surround them at the present time, in view of the efforts which the Colonization Society have been making for the last ten years, while our Anti-Slavery friends have been quarrelling, in view of the efforts which have been making at the South in consequence of the starting into being of the Free Soil movement, in view of Mr. Clay's speech, in view of the recent mission to England, if, in view of all these, we are not called upon in the language of these resolutions to act, and to act resolutely? God grant that we may be moved to do so here this evening; and if the resolutions do not already express our every feeling upon this matter, let us have additional ones, and let the people of England learn that coloured though we be, we know our rights, and God helping us, we mean to have them in the land of our nativity, and in common with the American people. [Applause.] And if we chose to go to Africa we will do so voluntarily without the help or countenance of the American Colonization Society. We will take the responsibility ourselves, as General Jackson said. We will go with the spirit that the white American goes to California, or the Brazos. Tell me not of my fatherland or my motherland: that is my fatherland where I happen to be born, and I claim an equal right to remain here with the white inhabitants. Why, sir, my grandfather was among the first that repaired to the plains of Lexington, and there bared his bosom,—not, sir, in defence of the coloured population exclusively, but he bared his bosom to British bullets for the liberty and independence of the American people and the freedom of American soil. [Great applause.] And, sir, I should indeed be ashamed of my ancestry if I did not now assert, and give not only the American people, but the world, to understand, that here I was born, and here I am to defend my right, to live and to die. [Applause.]

Rev. Charles B. Ray.—Mr. Chairman, when I look around and see those present whom we all want to hear, I had much rather be silent than to be heard. But I have had a resolution placed in my hands by the Committe with a request that I would offer and sustain it by a few remarks. I will remark, Mr. Chairman, before I read the resolution that there is one question, which when it is to come before any meeting, when it is to be grappled with, whether in this city, or almost anywhere else in this country, our whole people never fail to be present to consider it. Everybody wants to have something to do with branding Colonization, and you have only to give notice that a meeting is to be held for that object and the house is full, fuller than it can be made by the discussion of any other question. But to the resolution.

Resolved, That in the principle at the basis of the American Colonization scheme, we recognize the fostering spirit of American caste—the spirit which would degrade us in the Church, which would eject us from the literary institutions of the country, and heap insult upon us in our every endeavour for elevation.

The Committee, in sending me this resolution, requested that I would offer it and accompany it with a very few remarks, not exceeding ten minutes in length. If I occupy ten minutes, this audience will not expect from me, even had I the ability to give it, any outburst of eloquence. It will take ten minutes, Mr. Chairman, at least, on any other subject than this, to get up the steam so as to break forth in words of eloquence if one has the power to do so. But I do not claim to have any such power.

The resolution which I have read declares, that the principle, &c. of the American Colonization Society fosters American caste. Sir, I would say more than this: it creates American caste, and then like all other affectionate parents, it nurses dearly, and takes the best possible care of its child that it die not, but live to do its work. And however terrible that work may be to the destiny of the coloured people of this country, Colonization cares not. Sir, what is this caste? Why, it is an attempt to divide men invidiously into classes, and to create non-intercourse between those classes, making it reproachful for those claiming to be superior to associate with, or visit the inferior; forbidding all intercourse under the penalty of losing ones standing. American caste proscribes the coloured people, and makes their complexion a badge of disrespect and contempt, which forever bars them from intercourse with their brethren of a white skin. It singles them out as a class not to be visited, cared for, or linked by any ties, to those who claim to be of superior standing.

This resolution says further that this principle is at the basis of the American Colonization Society—

What is that principle? If I understand it at all, it is this; that the two races (it is very careful to use the term *race*, as though there were different races of men and must of necessity use it in order to maintain itself) cannot coëxist together in the same country, and therefore the "coloured race" must be sent out of the country. And if they are not sent out of it, they must needs be a proscribed class, a degraded and ill-treated class. I say ill-treated, for though they dislike the term as it has reference to their acts towards us as a people, it is nevertheless the fact. This proscription then, is the very foundation of the Colonization scheme. They say that the two races cannot coëxist in the same land, therefore we must be turned out of it.

But the resolution proceeds further: "That the spirit of American caste would degrade us in the Church." It follows as a matter of course that if the two races cannot coëxist together, then they cannot worship together, and if from any cause they do come together into the same place of worship, they must be separated; there can be no intercourse between them there; the coloured class must be assigned to some obscure corner. In some churches they must not even be seen; seats are raised higher than their heads in which they are put, where they can neither see nor be seen. This I have known to be the fact in some churches. A special gallery is erected, nearer, to be sure, the place where we are all aiming, but designed to separate them even from the sight of those who forsooth would lose caste if they were to allow us to mingle with them in the house of God. Such is the treatment we receive in the house where the friends of Colonization *profess to worship God!* (applause.) Not very acceptable worship methinks toward that God who is no respecter of persons. But if it is acceptable, it must be on the principle that He is a forgiving God.

"They would eject us from our literary institutions." This follows as a natural consequence; if they can neither coëxist in the same country, nor worship in the same church, they must not mingle in the same literary institutions. Our sons and daughters must not drink from the same fountains of knowledge with theirs. It will never do, say they, to allow them to be educated in the same schools and seminaries; if so, we shall lose caste by mingling with that proscribed class. We must keep up this caste, we must maintain our own respect, dignity and standing; therefore we cannot suffer the sons and daughters of coloured men to commingle with our own. To our sad experience Mr. Chairman, we know that these things are true; and the history of the movements and operations of the Colonization Society proves that the scheme tends to degrade us in ejecting us from the literary institutions of the country. Yes, opposition does assault meet us at every step in our endeavour for improvement in learning, and when we attempt to secure an education for ourselves we have to meet Colonization and battle with it. If we attempt to seek equal political privileges, there too, we have to meet the spirit of Colonization. If we claim civil rights, the spirit and influence of Colonization is amongst us, which says, you must not live here; you cannot live here on equal terms with the whites; this is not your home, and you must go to your own country. In every way in which we attempt to rise we meet this spirit. And to Colonization and its operations probably more than to any other single cause is to be attributed this unjust prejudice. Colonization has strode through this country, falsifying the coloured men, misrepresenting us, and speaking lies of us by saying that we were the most degraded of all classes that could possibly exist in civilized life. Colonization has made the people believe all this, and has produced in the public mind that conviction more than anything else. It has infused into it wrong notions and false views of coloured men, and has thereby waked up wrong feelings, which have led to ill treatment of us. Those feelings are sometimes very honestly entertained, we have no doubt, but much of it is dishonest and hypocritical. In all such views which have so governed men in their course and worked death to us, there is more of the fruit of the Colonization scheme than of any existing institution in this land, more than even Slavery itself. (Applause.) Yea, sir, I repeat these views with regard to us have waked up all the feelings that have been manifested, and induced the course of conduct that has been pursued toward us, and we must hurl back the charges to the source from whence they emanated.

The speaker who preceded me spoke of his grandfather having taken a part in the great battle for freedom in this country. I can say the same of some of my ancestry, who shouldered their muskets and went out against the foe of this land. Why then may not the sons of these patriots claim, in common with others, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in the land that gave them birth? This is our home, and I may reiterate the sentiment already uttered, here we mean to live and here to die. (Applause.)

Mr. Charles L. Reason rose to present the following resolution.

Resolved, That from evidence in the past history of the Liberian Colony, we have reason to believe that it has been recreant to the cause of human freedom, and an enslaver of its own kindred.

Mr. R. remarked that as a full report of the proceedings of this evening's meeting was to be sent to England, he wished to embody in that report some facts from the pen of Dr. D. Francis Bacon, who was for more than two years a resident agent of the Colonization Society on the coast of Africa. Dr. Bacon was formerly from New Haven, and at present the editor of the *Day Book*, a daily paper in this city. He wished to say, once for all, that the facts he was about to read were published in the *Day Book* during the late visit of President Roberts and suite, while in this city, and they remain uncontradicted to the present time, notwithstanding the challenge of the editor to disprove them. The facts are these:

Joseph J. Roberts, the President of the colony (containing by their own statements 5000 inhabitants) and John N. Lewis, the Secretary of the colony, were, in 1837, the agents, employees and factors of Pedro Blanco, the greatest slave-trader on the coast. Roberts was employed to purchase vessels for him in Sierra Leone to be used as slavers after having been captured and condemned under the Portuguese flag. Lewis was employed to store goods and merchandise destined for the Slave Trade and was for years in close connexion with Blanco and his agents. The brother of Payne now a missionary was regularly employed as a workman at the slave factory at New Sesters. The writer saw him there in 1839. The colony in 1836-37-38 and '39 was one of the greatest auxiliaries of the Slave Trade, and the slave-traders in return were the chief support and defence of the colony. Without their aid, the colony would have nearly perished in 1838. The whole colony favoured the Slave Trade, and rejoiced in every opportunity to enter the service of the Slavers. The slave vessels were the most frequent visitants of Liberia. There were sometimes six of them anchored at Monrovia for a week together, active in business connected with Slave Trade. (*Day Book*, July 3, 1848.) John N. Lewis in 1837 was in the employ of Pedro Blanco, the great Spanish trader at Galinhas, about 60 miles from Monrovia, and within the territory of the Colony of Liberia. He was Blanco's store-keeper at Monrovia, and received a large amount of money for services in connexion with the Slave Trade, and for rent of store hired of him by Blanco.

While the brig Ivanhoe was discharging a large cargo of tobacco belonging to Blanco at Monrovia (which was then a depot of the Slave-Traders, and quite indispensable to their traffic on account of the badness of the surf at Galinhas in that year) John N. Lewis had at his house for several weeks an agent or factor of Blanco, named Thomas Rodriguez Baron. John N. Lewis brought this gentlemanly slave-trader to Dr. Bacon's house and introduced him of his own accord. (*Day Book*, July 12.)

The pastor of the Baptist Church at that time, the Rev. Colin Teage (uncle of Mr. Payne) was employed at the same time with John N. Lewis to store cargoes for Pedro Blanco. His store-house was also a depot for the slave-traders, and he received plenty of money from Blanco without hesitation. Here were dozens and scores of Liberian Christians actively and joyfully engaged in the Slave Trade without any more compunction than they would have felt about the palm oil trade.

It is a notorious fact in Africa that the colony of Liberia was for years an important auxiliary to the Slave Trade, and that the facilities and conveniences of the slavers were vastly increased by it. The Spanish and Portuguese traders were always heartily welcomed and were the most popular men that ever visited Liberia.

The Liberian colonists themselves freely bought and owned slaves at that time. The editor of the *Day Book* was advised and strongly urged by a prominent and most respectable and religious Liberian, high in office, to purchase two slaves for his household, on account of the difficulty of retaining free natives for any considerable time in even steady employment. (*Day Book*, July 15).

Mr. Frederick Douglass—Mr. Chairman, there is no end to the devises of our enemies. The failure of one only makes room for another. One is scarcely defeated when another is invented. When driven from one point, they plant themselves at another. They are as prolific of schemes as Egypt was of frogs. In these circumstances we ought to be always on the look out—armed at all points, and ready to march in any direction, and to meet the enemy whether in this or any other country.

Of all the assaults which we have experienced during the last twenty years, none have been more subtle and plausible than those emanating from the American Colonization Society.

Under the garb of philanthropy and religion its efforts to degrade us have been as various as they have been grievous. Of the history of that Society you have already been well informed, and with its origin you are equally familiar. It is, as you are aware, the joint product of slaveholders of the South and negro-haters of the North, and fitly bears the image of both parents. Embodying all the malignity of the slaveholder, and all the negro-hating spirit of the Northerner, it is our ever vigilant and bitter adversary. It has often changed its position, and assumed by turns all the colours of the rainbow, but has never changed its essential character. It is now, as it ever has been, a most deceitful and and cunning scheme against the peace and freedom of the coloured people of the land.

Sir, we are here to expose and denounce this Janus-faced enemy. And I am glad to bear a humble share in this work. The special duty of this meeting has already been well and honourably discharged, and I for one have no fear of the result. Our humble words on the strong wings of the winds, will be speedily wafted to the shores of England. They will strengthen the hands of our faithful and able representative there, and defeat the schemes of our subtle foe. What I have to say must be only by way of amplification.

Is it not strange, sir, that a system which has been condemned by the noble Wilberforce, exposed by the good and great Clarkson, and shattered by the thunder-bolts of O'Connell—whose honoured graves are yet scarcely green with the verdure of two summers—should so soon make its appearance on the shores of old England? The audacity of this Society is only equalled by its malignity. Scourged and driven from the shores of England by Wilberforce, Clarkson and O'Connell, it seems to have waited impatiently for their removal to the land of spirits, to return again to its work of meanness and deception. As usual, it has gone abroad with a smile on its cheek, and a lie in its mouth. In the semblance of angel, and the reality of a demon—professing sympathy for the coloured people of America—it labours to drive us from our home and country.

Sir, it does not seek to do this by open and fair means. If such were true, we should have less fault to find. It does not propose to compel us to leave this country by force and arms, but seeks to bring about a state of things unfavourable to our remaining in this country. It does not tell us to go—*but tells us we had better go*—that we can never enjoy equal rights or peace in this country—that we are a doomed people, and that no efforts can save us while we remain here; and sometimes goes so far as to intimate that if we do not go now, the time is not far distant when we may be compelled to go.

Such, sir, are the sentiments of that Society; and it is these discouraging, insulting and menacing sentiments which have strengthened prejudice, and supported Slavery in this country. But for the efforts of this Society, I believe there would, long before this, have been a united and determined effort on the part of the whole North against Slavery. It has kept alive this prejudice. The agents, and presses, and reports of that Society carefully kept out of sight all the evidences of our improvement and only represented us as degraded, ignorant and besotted.

Mr. Chairman, the fundamental, and—as Daniel Webster would say—the everlasting objection to Colonization is this; that it assumes that the coloured people, while they remain in this country, can never stand on an equal footing with the white population of the United States. This objection, I say, is a fundamental one; it lies at the very basis of this enterprise, and, as such, I am opposed to it, have ever been opposed to it, and shall, I presume, ever continue to oppose it. It takes the ground that the coloured people of this country can never be free, can never improve here; and it is spreading throughout the country this hope-destroying, this misanthropic doctrine, chilling the aspirations of the coloured people themselves, and leading them to feel that they cannot, indeed, ever be free in this land. In this respect the influence of the Colonization scheme has been most disastrous to us. It has advocated the most stringent persecution in some instances towards coloured men. But let me, sir, read a resolution:

Resolved, That if it be left optional with a slave to go to Africa or not, we advise him not to go, but rather to remain here and add to the number of those who may yet imitate the example of our fathers of '76.

I do not mean to say here my friends, that this result is a desirable one—the result to which I look—but I look to it as an inevitable one, if the nation shall persevere in the enslavement of the coloured people. I have not the slightest doubt but that at this moment, in the Southern States, there are skilfully-contrived and deeply-laid schemes in the minds at least of the leading thinkers there, for the accomplishment of this very result. The slaveholders are sleeping on slumbering volcanoes, if they did but know it; and I want every coloured man in the South to remain there and cry in the ears of the oppressors, "Liberty for all or chains for all." (Great applause.) I want them to stay there with the understanding that the day may come—I do not say it *will* come, I do not say that I would hasten it, I do not say that I would advocate the result or aim to accomplish or bring it about,—but I say it *may* come; and in so saying, I only base myself upon the doctrine of the Scriptures, and upon human nature, and speaking out through all history. "Those that lead into captivity shall go into captivity." "Those that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Those who have trampled upon us for the last two hundred years, who have used their utmost endeavours to crush every noble sentiment in our bosom, and destroy our manly aspirations; those who have given us blood to drink for wages, may expect that their turn will come one day. It was in view of this fact that Thomas Jefferson, looking down through the vista of the future, exclaimed: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, and that his justice cannot sleep forever." He saw even through the distance of time through which he looked, down beyond the present to a future period, when the spirit of liberty and manhood would lead the slave to bare his bosom and struggle in his chains for Freedom, as was illustrated by the fathers of '76; (applause,) and seeing this he said "I tremble for my country."

The Colonization scheme aims, they say, to prevent or avert this disastrous consequence. Sir, such an effort is unscriptural, it is unchristian. There is no other way whereby men can escape the penalty of their crimes but by repentance. But instead of preaching repentance to slaveholders, these Colonizationists are proposing to remove away from them the object of their hatred without dislocating the hatred itself. I say then, that it is unchristian and unscriptural. Those slaveholders must take the consequence of their crime. Man loves liberty and will ever try to regain it.

"O, tell me not that I am blest,
Nor bid me glory in my lot—
That plebeian freemen are oppress
With wants and woes that you are not.
Out on such kindness, I would be
The wreck of fortune to be free.
Go, let a cage with grates of gold,
And pearly roof, the eagle hold;
Let dainty viands be his fare,
And give the Captive tenderest care;
But say, in luxury's limits pent,
Find you the king of birds *content*?
No, oft he'll sound the startling shriek,
And dash the grates with angry beak.
Precarious freedom's far more dear,
Than all the prison's pamp'ring cheer!
He longs to see his Eyrie's seat,
Some cliff on ocean's lonely shore,
Whose old bare tops the tempests beat
And round whose base the billows roar,
When tossed by gales they yawn like graves,—
He longs for joys to skim those waves;
Or rise through tempest-shrouded air,
All thick and dark with wild winds swelling,
To brave the lightning's lurid glare,
And talk with thunders in their dwelling."

The cry of the slave goes up to heaven, to God, and unless the American people shall break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free, that spirit in man which abhors chains, and will not be restrained by them, will lead those sable arms that have long been engaged in cultivating, beautifying and adorning the South, to spread death and devastation there. (Great applause). Some men go for the abolition of Slavery by peaceable means. So do I; I am a peace man; but I recognize in the Southern States at this moment, as has been remarked here, a *state of war*. Sir, I know that I am speaking now, not to this audience alone, for I see reporters here, and I learn that what is spoken here is to be published, and will be read by Colonizationists and perhaps by slaveholders. I want them to know that at least one coloured man in the Union, peace man though he is, would greet with joy the glad news should it come here to-morrow, that an insurrection had broken out in the Southern States (Great Applause). I want them to know that a *black man* cherishes that sentiment—that one of the fugitive slaves holds it, and that it is not impossible that some other black men (A voice—we are all so here,) may have occasion at some time or other, to put this theory into practice. Sir, I want to alarm the slaveholders, and not to alarm them by mere declamation or by mere bold assertions, but to show them that there is really danger in persisting in the crime of continuing Slavery in this land. I want them to know that there are some Madison Washingtons in this country (Applause). The American people have been accustomed to regard us as inferior beings. The Colonization Society has told them that we are inferior beings, and that in consequence of our calm and tame submission to the yoke which they have imposed upon us; to their chains, fetters, gags, lashes, whipping-posts, dungeons and bloodhounds, we must be regarded as inferior—that there is no fight in us,—and that is evidence enough to prove that God intended us to retain the position which we now occupy. I want to prevent them from laying this flattering unction to their souls. There are coloured persons who hold other views, who entertain other feelings, with respect to this matter.

As an illustration of the spirit that is in the black man, let me refer to the story of Madison Washington. The treatment of that man by this Government was such as to disgrace it in the eyes of the civilized world. He escaped some years ago from Virginia, and succeeded in reaching Canada, where, nestled in the mane of the British Lion, the American Eagle might scream in vain above him, for from his bloody beak and talons he was free. There he could repose in quiet and peace. But he remembered that he had left in bondage a wife, and in the true spirit of a noble minded and noble hearted man, he said; while my wife is a slave I cannot be free. I will leave the shores of Canada, and God being my [illegible] go to Virginia, and snatch my wife from the bloody hands of the oppressor. He went to Virginia, against the entreaties of friends, against the advice of my friend Gurney, whom to name here ought to secure a round of applause. (Loud applause). He went, contrary to the advice of another—I was going to say, a nobler hero, but I can scarcely recognize a nobler one than Gurney: Robert Purvis was the man: he advised him not to go, and for a time he was inclined to listen to his counsel. He told him it would be of no use for him to go, for that as sure as he went he would only be himself enslaved, and could of course do nothing towards freeing his wife. Under the influence of his counsel he consented not to go; but when he left the house of Purvis, the thoughts of his wife in Slavery came back to his mind to trouble his peace and disturb his slumbers. So he resolved again to take no counsel either on the one hand or the other, but to go back to Virginia and rescue his wife if possible. That was a noble resolve (applause); and the result was still more noble. On reaching there he was unfortunately arrested and thrown into prison and put under heavy irons. At the appointed time he was brought manacled upon the auctioneer's block, and sold to a New Orleans trader. We see nothing more of Madison Washington, until we see him at the head of a gang of one hundred slaves destined for the Southern market. He, together with the rest of the gang, were driven on board the brig Creole, at Richmond, and placed beneath the hatchway, in irons; the slave-dealer—I sometimes think I see him—walking the deck of that ship freighted with human misery, quietly smoking his segar, calmly and coolly calculating the value of human flesh beneath the hatchway. The first day passed away—the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh parsed, and there was nothing on board to disturb the repose of this iron-hearted monster. He was quietly hoping for a pleasant breeze to waft him to the New Orleans market before it should be glutted with human flesh. On the 8th day it seems that Madison Washington succeeded in getting off one of his irons, for he had been at work all the while. The same day he succeeded in getting the irons off the hands of some seventeen or eighteen others. When the slaveholders came down below they found their human chattels apparently all with their irons on, but they were broken. About twilight on the ninth day, Madison, it seems, reached his head above the hatchway, looked out on the swelling billows of the Atlantic, and feeling the breeze that coursed over its surface, was inspired with the spirit of freedom. He leapt from beneath the hatchway, gave a cry like an eagle to his comrades beneath, saying, *we must go through* (Great Applause.) Suiting the action to the word, in an instant his guilty master was prostrate on the deck, and in a very few minutes Madison Washington, a black man, with woolly head, high cheek bones, protruding lip, distended nostril, and retreating forehead, had the mastery of that ship, and under his direction, that brig was brought safely into the port of Nassau, New Providence (Applause.)

There are more Madison Washingtons in the South, and the time may not be distant when the whole South will present again a scene something similar to the deck of the Creole.

But what was the result. The moment they found themselves in the waters of England, under British rule, the slave-sellers went to the American consul for the purpose of obtaining assistance to keep the slaves on board. But they had applied to the wrong source—they were in the wrong pew. (Laughter). The Government sent them assistance, but in that most questionable shape that they knew not whether their intents were charitable or wicked. The assistance came in the shape of a platoon of black soldiers. (Laughter.) Down they came, and it seems that they came not so much after all to protect the passengers, (for it was supposed that they could protect themselves) as to protect the vessel. And they speedily communicated the idea that these coloured passengers were at liberty to go where they pleased. They had reached the British soil, of which Curran has so eloquently spoken, and which I will here repeat.

"I speak in the spirit of British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims liberty even to the stranger and sojourner. The moment he sets his foot on British earth, the ground on which he treads is holy. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter what obligation incompatible with freedom may have borne upon him; no matter with what solemnity he has been devoted on the altar of Slavery; the moment he stands on British earth the altar and the god tumble to the dust; his spirit walks forth in its majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from round him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation" (Applause.)

That eloquent outburst of Curran was perfectly true as applied to the case of these slaves. They went ashore and walked about their business. Of course the transaction created some sensation in this *free, democratic* republic. The news came across the Atlantic with electrical effect, and fell into the midst of our Congress like a bomb-shell. The greatest amount of consternation and alarm abounded there. Henry Clay rose in his place with tears in his eyes. (Laughter), and said it was time that the American people in all sections of the country should lay aside all sectional difficulties, and present an unbroken front to the English. (Laughter). Mr. Calhoun said that American ships were American territories: (Great Laughter), they constituted a part of the national domain, and that wherever the American star spangled banner waved, of course the right of slaveholders to hold their property was to be sacredly guarded. England had violated her treaties and stipulations. England had violated the comity of nations. Mr. Rives thought that this event presented a crisis in the history of our diplomacy with England. Mr. Preston thought that immediate energetic measures should be adopted for the reclamation of these slaves to bring them back to the United States. Daniel Webster, the God-like, the man of "October Sun" memory, was then Secretary of State, under the long nose of—I had almost forgotten the name—John Tyler; or rather Captain Tyler, that's the name (Laughter). And what did Webster do? Why the first thing he did was to write a letter to Edward Everett, who was then our Minister at the Court of St. James, directing him at once to commence negotiations for the return of these men who had gained their freedom; at any rate for the return of Madison Washington and the brave eighteen who had so nobly achieved their freedom on the deck of the Creole, and demanding payment for the remainder. It resulted just as you might have expected. The British Government treated it with the utmost deference—for they are a very deferential people. They talked about honourable and right honourable, lords, dukes, and going through all their Parliamentary titles, and sent Lord Ashburton over to this country to tell us of course, that that very deferential people could not send back the "niggers" (Laughter and applause). So Uncle Sam could not get them and he has not got them yet. (Renewed applause).

Sir, I thank God that there is some part of his footstool upon which the bloody statutes of Slavery cannot be written. They cannot be written on the proud, towering billows of the Altantic. The restless waves will not permit those bloody statutes to be recorded there; those foaming billows forbid it; old ocean gnawing with its hungry surges upon our rockbound coast preaches a lesson to American soil: "You may bind chains upon the limbs of your people if you will; you may place the yoke upon them if you will; you may brand them with irons; you may write out your statutes and preserve them in the archives of your nation if you will; but the moment they mount the surface of our unsteady waves, those statutes are obliterated, and the slave stands redeemed, disenthralled." This part of God's domain then is free, and I hope that ere long our own soil will be also free. (Applause).

At eleven o'clock, P. M. the meeting adjourned to meet on the following evening, at the same place after the unanimous adoption of the Resolutions in the course in which they were presented.

SECOND EVENING.

[illegible] the city of New York assembled at the Shiloh Presbyterian church, on Tuesday evening, April 24.—Mr. Wm. A. Tyson was appointed chairman in the absence of Rev. Mr. Pennington, and the meeting was opened by prayer, by Rev. Charles B. Ray.

Mr. Charles L. Reason then presented some further facts published by Dr. D. Francis Bacon, in relation to the Liberia colony and the conduct of its inhabitants.

Mr. Reason remarked: Last evening I presented some facts which I considered necessary to add to the interest and influence of the meeting, and I am now about to present some additional facts showing the connection of the Liberia colony with the Slave Trade. I learn further, in presenting this series of facts, that during the year 1837, a Portuguese vessel, a slaver, was taken by a British cruiser, carried into Sierra Leone, and by the judgment of the Commission Court, according to British law, was condemned and sold. J. J. Roberts, alias governor Roberts, alias, President Roberts, went up from Monrovia to Sierra Leone and purchased this vessel. At that time it was supposed that Mr. Roberts was not a wealthy man: indeed it was pretty well known that he was not so. However, the vessel was purchased by him. It was then sailed down and laid off the harbour at Monrovia and christened "The Monrovia," in honour of the colony. It lay there at anchor apparently useless; indeed nobody probably knew what Roberts could want of a vessel of that sort—I think, a vessel of twenty tons. It appears, however, that after a few days a young Spanish gentleman, Roderiguese Buron, an agent of the slave dealer, Pedro Blanco, came down from Galinhas, a station between Monrovia and Sierra Leone. He was taken sick in the colony, and was attended by Dr. Bacon. When he became convalescent he desired one day, while going down the coast in the small boat, to be taken out to this vessel. He was in company with the Doctor at the time, and he remarked, "that craft is mine." It was well known that Baron was a person of no means of his own, but simply the agent, acting under the commands of Pedro Blanco. Very soon after this, the vessel was again christened: the name of Monrovia was taken from it, it was taken up to Galinhas, stored full of slaves, and sailed for Cuba.

Well, it would seem that this change having been made in the face of President Roberts, while he was here last year, if it was untrue it would have been disproved. Mr. Roberts proves only that his *name* did not appear on the face of the transaction: and indeed it cannot be shown that he was the person in whose name the slaver was sent out from Galinhas. But it does seem strange that while the slave-trader could not go up to Sierra Leone and purchase with his doubloons in his hand the condemned slaver, Mr. Roberts could go there and bring her down to Monrovia, anchor her off the harbour, and sell her almost immediately to that slave-trader, for the express purpose of filling her hold with slaves at Galinhas.

But it appears that there is a reason for the connection of the colony with the slave-trader in this way; and that reason, so far as I can learn, is urged to be this:—the pecuniary condition of the colony. You know it is no strange thing that coloured men should be slaveholders, for such is the fact in this country, in Louisiana and other States. It is judging human nature by a very curious standard to suppose that coloured men are essentially different in this respect from other men. Dr. Bacon, with whom I had an interview this afternoon, informs me that dealing in slaves was a matter of very little moment at the colony; and I was particular to ask him whether he had any knowledge of the continuance of this state of things since he left in 1839. He informed me that he had correspondence and communication with gentlemen who have since been residing in the colony, and who inform him that the practice still continues. He said he had an interview not long since with a gentleman who, at the time, he (Dr. B.) was there, was a large slavedealer on that coast (Canot, I think is the name,) who informed him that the state of affairs is precisely as it was ten years ago. Dr. Bacon said that he could from the government house where he resided take his spyglass almost any day and look up the river to the little slave depot, about seven miles from Monrovia and see them loading.

Now, it would seem from these facts that we can place no confidence in the present leading men in that colony, nor in the representations, which they make of the influence of that colony in the suppression of the Slave Trade on the coast.

Last night I was put in possession of the Maryland Colonization Journal, which contains a letter from a gentleman in the British navy, lauding in very high terms the accession to the cause of human freedom by the establishment of the American Colony on the coast. He speaks of the facility of blockade on that coast by the British and American vessels, and goes on to throw out the theory that there can be no actual suppression of the Slave Trade unless by the establishment of such colonies as that of Liberia. He says that since the colony has been stationed there the Slave Trade has almost ceased at Sierra Leone. But the fact is, that the British captains who go on the coast are not quite so well-informed of the true state of things as those who have resided in the colony; because, as you are perhaps aware, British law is very definite; and a British captain who would connive in any way at the continuance of the Slave Trade would be likely to be broken. Hence, while the British vessels are on the coast—while they are keeping up the blockade, there is very little done in the way of taking off slaves from the vessels on the coast. It is understood that the slave-traders calculate upon losing about two cargoes in every three that leave the coast, but they obtain on the remainder as much as will compensate for the loss of the other two cargoes. In fact, they think themselves lucky if they can save one out of three cargoes. The gentleman's name who throws out these facts, is Lieut. Jackson, I believe. Dr. Bacon tells me that the mode of the continuance of the Slave Trade there is scarcely known to the captains of the British vessels that lie off the coast, because Liberians are very cautious of the British, and the Spanish slave-traders are very shy about getting into the clutches of the British vessels. He says he has no faith whatever in the declaration that is continually being made, that the colony is the chief destroyer of the Slave Trade on the coast. This declaration has been made ever since the colony came to be anything at all; and he says, that even while he was there he read, from American newspapers which were sent to him, this oft-repeated declaration, when he knew that the Slave Trade was then actually going on right before his own door.

I come now to speak of the cause why the Slave Trade is carried on by the people of the colony itself. Dr. Bacon informs me that the leading cause for their going into this trade is, the suffering condition of the colony. He says that sometimes for two or three days together the colonists could not get anything to eat;—such, at least, was the case when he was there. The schools could not be kept up, because the children could not be sent on account of their not having enough to eat. He says he has lost patient after patient, all from the inability of their constitutions to stand up under disease, in consequence of their not being able to get sufficient food. Hence it is that Liberians are willing to go into any trade that is profitable. They get no supplies from the natives in the interior, except rice or some such food as that. They depend mainly upon the supplies which are brought from this country and England. In order to show that the state of things has not materially altered, I will read an extract from the journal of Rev. J. Paine.

From the "Maryland Colonization Journal."

"Baltimore, March, 1849.

Extracts from the Journal of the Rev. J. Payne.—1849.

Wednesday, August 23.—Attended this morning the examination of the colonial school at Mount Vaughan. This was postponed a month in consequence of the late scarcity of food, which prevented the children from attending school punctually. The colonists have been almost as great sufferers as the natives; and indeed, have been only enabled to live by eating the cabbage obtained from the palmtree. In the good providence of God, rice is now again coming in; the hungry ones receive their daily bread, and are enabled to attend school as before. Fifty-one presented themselves to-day for examination. In view of the injurious influence of the famine just adverted to, the attainment of the children were highly creditable. In looking over these little girls, *I could but feel, as I always have on similar occasions, a grateful joy in view of the contrast between their present privileges and what they would have been had not their parents emigrated to this country.*

Wednesday, Oct. —. The quarterly examination of the schools at this station was held. A considerable number of children are still absent, who were sent to their parents during the prevalence of the late scarcity of food.

Now then with regard to the professions and declarations which have been made by the leading men who have come here from that colony, I do not think we are prepared (at least I for one am not) to give credence to all that is said in favour of the colony. I do not find by reading the constitution of the colony under its present form of government, that the colony at all independent of the Colonization Society. The colonizationists have heretofore professed that they were doing a piece of great charity;—at least it was lauded as a very benevolent project. They boasted of giving two, three, or four acres of ground to any emigrant who would be sent there. Now I am told by Dr. Bacon that you can purchase three or four acres of ground of the natives for a leaf of tobacco, and they will sell it over half a dozen times for the same price. In fact, you can get cultivated ground for nothing, and nobody will ask you any questions, so that the granting of three or four acres of ground is not what it would at first appear to us in this country who do not usually become landholders so easily.

I am disposed to doubt the sincerity of this project, because I find on record certain things which seem to tell against the individuals who now represent that government.

I am now about to read something in relation to President Roberts. I do not wish the audience to think that I am waging a personal war against the President; not at all. But it is well, I think, when gentlemen get to be Presidents, that they should bear some sort of reputable character. The narrative which I am going to read to you is found in a work entitled "Wanderings on the seas and shores of Africa," written by Dr. D. F. Bacon. I shall make no comments upon the article; it needs none. I will only rem

his bread and poured out his wine for them. They ate and drank and were merry, while they marked him and his for their prey. He had with him a younger brother, and perhaps two or three other Europeans as clerks, factors, and guards,—the slaves being generally kept and watched by kind natives, Kroomen, and others. As the afternoon passed on, he urged them to remain with him all night, and offered them the shelter of his roof, and his beds. But they excused themselves on the score of urgent business, and returned on board. In the dead of night, they came off again, fully armed with loaded muskets, and landed in stealthy silence. They approached the gates or his barricade, and knocked loudly. The watchmen sounded the alarm, and asked, "Who comes?" The answer was, "The Americans, your FRIENDS!" Don Miguel awakened at the call, said, "Oh admit them; open to my American friends. All is right." And as the gate was opened, he advanced, lamp in hand, to receive them, always welcome at any hour. The next instant, he received their musket balls through his breast, and staggered back to fall in his death-agony into the arms of his brother,—pouring out his heart's blood on his threshhold, while the AMERICANS (for this is the name by which they are known in Africa) walked through the gore of their murdered entertainer, to rifle his treasures. They carried off a large quantity of doubloons, and other precious moveables, secure by their display of force. Don Miguel's brother, that SPANISH brother, quietly looked on as he laid down the warm corpse, and made no complaint, and seeming so helpless and harmless that they passed him by without harming him. They departed with their bloody spoils; and in the day time, he afterwards departed and sailed to Havana with the tidings and with his own quiet purposes. Roberts was the great author of this expedition, and was its real manager, looking on while others did the bloody work. He was entrusted with spoils, and somehow or other, as all agree, managed to secure the lion's share, and to cheat his associates finely. But the whole colony regarded the proceeding with horror; and the superstitious denounced the treasure as the price of blood, prophesying evil and ruin to all the partakers.

They declare to this day, that all the associates of that bloody scheme were doomed men henceforth, and that nothing would ever prosper in their hands. The gold never seemed to benefit them. They grew poor, and most of them died miserable deaths. Roberts failed in business, and in fulfilment of his doom, as was believed, lost six or seven infant children successively, being left childless. His sixth or seventh child died a little after my arrival. There is nothing striking or peculiar in any of these unfortunate circumstances; for such is the history of nine-tenths of all the Liberians of whom I have ever heard. I know other instances where a long succession of infants have been thus buried, leaving childless parents. But the Colonists were determined to construe everything in this way, and afterwards mentioned these calamities to me as the special judgments of God on these mercenary and bloody violators of the laws of hospitality. Roberts, and two others of the survivors of the expedition against Miguel, were among my ordinary acquaintances at Monrovia, and served as a precious hint of the real character and hidden capabilities of my fellow residents in Liberia. It so happened that none of these particular individuals ever had any chance to give me any cause of personal dissatisfaction. With Roberts himself I never came in collision in any way; but I afterwards heard more of his actual conduct from certain persons of the highest character, who, having occasion to employ an agent to do some business in the colony, selected him merely on the grounds of impressions of his honour and worth derived from his personal appearance and manners, which deceived others as much as me. They found on repeated trial, that he was the most shameless cheat they had ever known—wantonly contriving vexation, and inventing falsehoods, often without any assignable motive,—yet all the while to their faces professing the greatest respect for them and anxiety for the accomplishment of their wishes, and behind their backs uttering the most extravagant falsenoods against them. My authorities are such as cannot be contradicted either in Africa or America.

MR CHARLES LENOX REMOND then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That to secure funds in aid of the Colonization scheme, its advocates have ever maligned the characters of the nominally free people of the North: and in so doing, have, among other wrongs, duped the christian public by inducing them to pay large sums of money ostensibly to evangelize Africa.

I will not, Mr. Chairman, occupy but a very few moments in support of the resolution which has been put into my hands to offer, for their is another view of this subject to which I wish to call the attention of this audience. Indeed I feel reluctant to occupy the time at all to the displacing of others who may desire or who are expected to speak this evening. There is one consideration, however, in favour of having many speak on this occasion; and that is, that the more that shall be heard upon this subject, just in that proportion will the impression of our detestation of the American Colonization Society, with all its accumulated and accumulating wrongs, be known and felt. I can speak advisedly, sir, so far as this resolution is concerned, because I have enjoyed (if I may use that word in this connection) the privilege of hearing many agents and advocates of that doctrine take the ground that the leading object of it was to evangelize Africa. Well, sir, if it be one of the objects, which I very much doubt, I do not believe that the means used by that Society or its auxiliaries are at all justifiable. I cannot believe this, because I see no consistency on the part of the originators and supporters of that Society in their wish to evangelize Africa. Sir, I belive that in no country have we ever before seen a single instance of philanthropic or benevolent, or charitable, or Christain men, either in their associated or individual capacity, selecting the lowest grade of society to evangelize the degraded portion of the world. But we have that instance in our own country. That class of whom I spoke last evening, which has been belied by the Colonization Society by calling them idle, vicious and besotted, is the class that the society have from the commencement proposed to colonize into Africa. I repeat, then, that we have no instance on record of this class of persons being selected for the purpose specified so frequently by the advocates of the Colonization Society.

Now, sir, I happen to have before me this evening the last annual report of the parent Society, from which I shall beg leave to read one or two very brief extracts. I think we shall gather from this report that while, ostensibly the evangelization of Africa was the object presented, in reality there was another more grand object than that. If this shall appear, then the Janus-faced character of the Society, to which my friend Mr Douglass made allusion last evening, will also appear evident to us. Why, sir, how long has it been since the American slaveholders who have for a long series of years been doing everything in their power to injure and degrade the coloured man,—how long is it, I say, since they have claimed to be their best friends? Now I hold such a claim to be a contradiction in terms, and hence I can feel no sympathy with the appeal or prayer in behalf of the Colonization Society, when that appeal or that prayer is made on the score of the evangelization of Africa from a sympathy and regard towards that country. And that that Society has from the beginning been as positively the enemies of the African in his own country as to the partial African in our own, there can be no manner of doubt. I hold the principles to be in contradiction, and most palpably insolent toward us, from whatever source they emanate,—that the slaveholder, or his apologist, under the name of Colonization, shall go the rounds of our country and in his appeals to the American people, (of course to the prejudiced portion of them) holding out the grand idea as the means of securing their sympathies, their co-operation and their contributions, to be the evangelization of Africa and the restoring to that country of her long lost injured children. I repeat it, that I hold it to be a contradiction and an injury to our people. And, sir, the advocate or preacher may croak till doomsday, but so long as he puts forth such a plea I will never believe him. Why, sir, if the Colonizationist wishes to elevate the native African he can do so by asking him to emigrate to any part of our own country. If he wishes to educate the nominally free of our own country, we boast of our own academies and other literary institutions, and of the facilities afforded on the American continent: let him seek to elevate us here where all these facilities are boasted of, and not by removing us to a barbarous country.

Well, then, again we are told by the advocates of the Society, as a means of securing large sums, that just in proportion as the coloured man shall be removed to that country he will not only be made free and happy himself, but he will lead the native African to imitate his example; and thus the work will be a mutual one—the benefit will be mutual. Well, there may be some truth in this, for I conclude that the example set to the African by the coloured American will be decidedly better than that which shall be set him by the pale-faced American. But, sir, I want to know if it has come to this, that the coloured man must be oppressed until they can oppress him no longer—that he must be the hewer of wood and the drawer of water until they can succeed in making him so no longer—that he shall not be allowed to express his own thoughts aloud in the Southern country—that he shall not be allowed to read the Bilble except when the slaveholders shall consent—that he shall travel only when they shall give him permission—that he shall not be permitted to meet together with his brethren beyond a certain number and not beyond certain specified hours at night—that so far from being allowed to carry arms, he shall not be allowed to carry even a club—that so far from being allowed to hold a caucus he shall not be allowed to breath his feelings on the side of liberty at any time—I want to know if while he is not permitted to do any of these things in his native country, where he has been enslaved, where he has been tortured, branded, mutilated, how they are going to benefit him by sending him to the fatherland? and what benefit is to accrue to him in a country where they have no colleges, no academies, and where the inhabitants are too frequently seen kneeling before their monkey gods? What examples are they likely to set the natives there after having suffered all the wrongs and injuries I have enumerated? [Applause.]

But sir, I hold in my hand, as I said before, the Annual Report of the last year of the parent Society, and I call the attention of the audience to the following extract from an article signed W. McLain, Secretary of the American Colonization Society, Colonization Room, Washington city, January, 1849.

—But this is not all. The time has now fully come, when the State Legislatures and the General Government should take the subject in hand and make liberal appropriations to help it forward.

There can scarcely be a doubt in any unprejudiced mind that the General and State governments have the constitutional power to appropriate money in furtherance of the objects contemplated by the Society. Every reason and argument which commends the scheme to the support of the individual citizens of this nation, commends it to the patronage of the nation itself. Every motive which induces the citizens of a State to contribute to the removal of the free people from that State, should operate upon the State itself or the government thereof. *If the presence of the various tribes of Indians in our midst was a great evil, which the Government was called upon to mitigate, and if a great national good was done by removing them beyond our borders: then surely is the existence of the coloured race in the United States a great political evil, and their removal would be an immense national blessing.—And if the government had power to act in the one case, has it not the power to act in the other?* On the other hand, if their presence in the United States has been a political good, a social blessing to us, but not to them, then are we bound as a nation, in view of the injury we have done them, and their degradation to which we have largely contributed, to bestow on them the richest gifts and the costliest blessings which we are able. There is a moral fitness in this, which commends itself to every mind. The work to be done is a great one, and is worthy of a nation like this!

Now what schoolboy needs to be informed that in every proposition which this country has made for the last 25 years for the removal of the Indians, their removal and extermination have been synonymous terms. And if the illustration hold good in one case it holds good in the other. Hence we are to gather, that our removal and extermination is the proposition which the American people are to act upon at the earliest period.

I may make this matter appear a little plainer by reading another passage from the Memorial to the Legislature of Virginia, contained in the annual report of the Colonization Society in relation to the removal of the free people of colour.

In view of these facts—can it be doubted that the mind of Virginia is made up? Do you ask for public sentiment?—Read the history of the Commonwealth for the last half century. Trace the records of her legislation on this subject by the references here made. Ask counsel of your constituents in detail, of your fireside sympathies, your experience, your hopes, your just fears, your judgment, your pockets, your love of your country's glory and her fame. They are all alike—with one voice, strong, harmonious, admonitory,—all say, *our free coloured population* CAN *be removed*—OUGHT *to be removed*—*and removed* NOW. *Now*, at the present session, let a *beginning* be made. The completion will require a course of years, begin when you may.

Mr. Chairman was I correct last evening when I called the attention of my audience to the danger which surrounds us as a people touching this subject? I apprehend not, and hence I remarked that so far from wishing to detract an iote from the radicalism presented in the resolutions, I would have them speak in a more determined tone, in language not to be misunderstood. (Applause). Sir, I detest the Colonization Society to an extent which my language fails to express, and I would to God that I could summon to my use, language strong enough to express that detestation. I hate it sir, in its every feature; I detest it in its very proposition, and I lament that a single coloured person in this country, characterized by true and decent thoughts of his own, has ever been found giving countenance either directly or indirectly to the Colonization Society. (Applause). Sir, there have been times, when, in view of my love for a spirit of adventure, and on the part of my fellow men, I have been willing to see them go anywhere, if for no other purpose, in imitation of the speculating adventures of their oppressors. There have been times when I looked even with some degree of countenance upon the coloured men who were desirous of going to Liberia for such a purpose; but when I take into consideration that every such individual is used as an illustration on the one hand to induce others by argument and by appeal to go, and on the other to induce men to contribute, I am ready to give my most hearty sanction and support to any resolution which shall deprecate the going to Liberia, even in the spirit of adventure. (Applause). I would not put into the hands of the American Colonization Society an argument of any kind. I believe sir, that we are called upon in view of the facts which have been presented here this evening by the gentleman who preceded me, and also in view of the sentiments contained in the report of the parent Society, to take this ground. I have some two or three friends who expect to go to Africa in a year or two, and I have labored that their minds might be changed upon the subject. I do believe that there are countries which hold out inducements far superior to Africa at the present time. Look at Mr. Pinney, Mr. Clay and other advocates of the Society, and are they not Argus-eyed upon this subject? Have not their names and their influences been a source of encouragement to many of the unfortunate men in this country to induce them to go to Africa? I think sir, under these circumstances we are called upon to enter our solemn protest against coloured persons going to the Colony under any circumstances whatever, until the knell of the American Colonization Society shall have been heard (Applause). Go with me into the city of Philadelphia, and I can give you instance upon instance of men who will contribute their $50 to the Colonization Society, who would not give their first dollar for the erection of a public hall in that city. Sir, it was the spirit of Colonization that burned down the Pennsylvania Hall; it was the spirit of Colonization that drove the noble hearted George Thompson back to his native land. It was the spirit of Colonization that offered a reward of $10,000 for the head of William Lloyd Garrison. It is the spirit of Colonization that cries "nigger," at the sight of a coloured man. It is that spirit which has cooped us up in the Jim Crow pew in the gallery of our churches. (Applause). It is the spirit of Colonization that drives us forward on the deck of the steamboat. It is that spirit that will not allow us the privilege of your side walks for a public parade. It was that spirit which prohibited a coloured Temperance Society from walking in procession in Philadelphia. It was the spirit of Colonization which gave up George Latimer in the city of Boston, and confined him in Leverett street jail (Applause). But I find that I can speak no longer without injury to myself, and I abstain from further remarks.

MR. HENRY BIBB.—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. In response to the call to speak on this resolution, I would remark that it was not my expectation to be called on to add anything to what would be said this evening; but when I came here it was to hear rather than to be heard. But upon a question of such importance to us, as a people, as the one under consideration, I am always ready and willing, and I trust I ever shall be, to speak my sentiments when called on. I am in favour of the resolution which has been offered and discussed by the gentleman who has preceeded me. I hope it will not only be adopted but that you will give it a loud and hearty response.

On almost all questions religious or political, it is our lot to differ. Nothing is more common than for human beings to differ on almost every subject. But with regard to the present subject which has called us together there seems to be but one prevailing opinion. All are ready to hold up their hands and utter their voices against the schemes of the American Colonization Society. I know but little about that Society; it is one to which I have never given much thought. I always knew however that it eminated from Slavery and slaveholders. The fathers of the parent society were slaveholders—negro haters;—those who had always striven to do all they could to destroy and to annihilate the African race when they could not enslave them. It was from this source that this colonization scheme eminated. What then, as coloured freemen, should we expect to flow from such a source?

In the first place they never proposed to colonize slaves, their object has always been to colonize the free people of colour, to remove that part of the intelligence supposed to exist among the coloured population from their midst, in order that they might hold their slaves more securely in their chains.

The resolution under consideration speaks something about appeals being made to the people, for their contributions. I have known this to be the case. In travelling about as an humble advocate in the cause of human freedom, I have found my way somewhat hedged up in many places where I have gone to advocate the immediate abolition of Slavery: for when I have asked the people who profess so much sympathy and regard for the African, in his native land, to give something to enlighten the benighted Africans of our own land, they have retorted by saying; "You never can become anything in this country; you must be sent off to your own land." Mr. Chairman we come down to hair splitting, so to speak. What would they do with me? I suppose the class of people proposed to be colonized are what is called the black population—the African race, when in fact there are but few of the true, full-blooded Africans in this country. What would they do with such men as myself? I am neither of the one nor the other race. If they act strictly according to the declaration put forth by the Society, that every man should be colonized into his native land, I do not know whether I should be sent to Africa, to England, Ireland or, to Scotland. (Laughter). It is so too with most of my hearers. And on the other hand if men were to be enslaved who have a drop of African blood flowing in their veins, I think we should be very apt to seize hold of some of our greatest statesmen who pass for white. (Applause). I have discovered a great many times men of that character among the whites; for it is very difficult to deceive me in this matter: I know my own people when I see them. (Applause). Only a few days ago I discovered a coloured man who held the office of clerk in the County Court in a village not far from this city. He was much darker than myself, yet he passes for a white man. You can find a great many such in the country who pass current for white men, and I do not question that if I should search out the Statesmen in our country I should find many who are tinged with African blood. (Applause.)

Sir, I take the ground that this country is my native country. America gave me birth and I know of no other fatherland. If the object of the Colonizationists is to make us free, they utterly fail in their purpose. What would American white people think if there should be a law passed in their respective States prohibiting any man from going out of his native State. That would not be freedom at all. But to talk about freedom and then to drive me from my country is not philanthropy, is not benevolence; and the man who says such an object is philanthropic towards the African, has that kind of love toward him that the hawk for the chicken—he loves him for what he can get out of him. (Applause). And when they come round and make these appeals under the plea of philanthropy and love, it reminds me of an anecdote of a little boy who went out with his father to hunt game. They caught a rabbit and when they returned home they commenced to skin and dress it; in doing so they threw several pieces to the dog, who wagged his tail and cut capers, so that the boy asked his father what made the dog jump and wag his tail so? The father said, because he was tickled. The next day they went a fishing, and they caught a number of eels and among them a very large one. When they returned home the boy was impatient to skin the big eel; he could not wait for it to die but hung it up alive and commenced skinning it. The eel of course kept up a terrible twitching about, lashing his tail to and fro. The father came up and seeing what was going on, severely reproved the boy for his cruelty to the animal. O, it does not hurt him father, said the boy, it only *tickles* him! (Laughter.) It is to a considerable extent the case in relation to this subject: while the Society is making these appeals on the score of philanthropy to those who would perhaps be the friends of the coloured people, and while they are tickling you with the idea of your being somebody when you arrive at the colony, they are skinning you like the boy skinning the eel. (Applause.

But let me take another view of the subject. We have never found those persons who profess to have so much benevolence towards us, ready to put their hands into their pockets and give money to help the fugitive slave to escape, and to go into a land of freedom. There is a kind of colonization that I am in favour of. There is a colony just across our northern boundary, a colony more congenial to our health and prosperity than that of Liberia. It is just beyond the borders of Michigan in the British possessions, a colony where coloured people, slaves more especially, may go without the large expenditure required to colonize them in Africa. But go to those men who are so benevolent and ask them to give a dollar to help a poor fugitive slave who has escaped to go into Canada, where he may enjoy the privileges of the gospel and have his liberty, and you will find them clinching a sixpence till it would almost scream murder, before they will help you (Applause.) Why, they are willing to fit out ships to send us across the Atlantic ocean to a country of which we know no more than they do, and from what we are able to gather we know no good of it; but to send us to Canada—oh no! they want to get us farther away from them. Now if I must advocate the principles of colonization I will advocate that feature of it that is best adapted to the condition of the coloured population, I say send them where it can be done with as little expense as possible; and if the colonizationists will go for colonizing in Canada I will hold up both hands for it. Put them on the *underground railroad* and send them there where we know that they will be well provided for.

Mr. REMOND (interposing) inquired of his friend if there was not danger in recognizing the right to colonize into Canada, of sanctioning the right of colonizing to any other country? For himself he was opposed to the colonization of coloured persons into Canada.

Mr. BIBB (resuming). This does not embrace the same features as that of African Colonization. This is rather a voluntary thing, in cases where slaves escape from bondage and whose masters are unwilling to let them go free. I say then if people want to give their money to benefit the coloured people let them do it in this less expensive way and where it will produce greater good. But let them not be led into this scheme of African Colonization whose object is to drive them there. The men who support the American Colonization Society are many of them men that would be more willing to seize and recapture, than to consent even to the escape of a slave into Canada.

I have no fears Mr. Chairman, of this Colonization scheme so long as the coloured people will stand united, so long as we can see them come out as they have to-night to hear and discuss this subject and express such sentiments as have been here expressed, I have no fear of this scheme. The Society will not be able to accomplish much while such a spirit is manifested by our people. But when we shall find a change in their sentiments with regard to the colonization scheme—when we shall find them believing it to be a noble philanthropic movement, then is the time for us to take warning—then is the time for us to speak out and counteract their tendency. I found in your own city a coloured man of intelligence who in a conversation with me admitted that his mind had undergone some change recently with regard to the scheme. It is enough to know that some few among us are willing to lend their sanction and encouragement to this nefarious enterprise, to lead us to rebuke such a spirit and let the world know that such are not our sentiments as a body. It is our duty to do it, and if we fail to speak out we are recreant to our people.

I learn that a ship is about being fitted out from South Carolina with some two or three hundred coloured persons on board, and among others a very intelligent one whom I saw a few days ago in the Colonization office. I understand that a member of the Society said, that one man like that was worth more to their society than a representative would be to the legislature of this State. Such is the estimate placed upon an intelligent coloured man where they can get them to favour their scheme.

Fellow citizens, I think it is time for us to wake up when we find men of intelligence misrepresenting us and giving encouragement to a scheme that purposes to crush, to keep down, and to annihilate a struggling people like ourselves. I think there never was such a villainous scheme started under such auspices. Never was so much villany couched in the same number of words as may be found within the Colonization scheme—a proposition to drive us from our own country after having originally brought us here and enslaved us, after having found that we are, according to the inevitable laws of population, destined to work out our own salvation. When the proud, aristocratic slaveholder sees his own likeness, living in the image of his child, then he sees the spirit of freedom—a spirit ready to act itself out; and he knows that the numbers of his victims is multiplying so fast that the only way to keep this spirit down is to colonize them. I verily believe that if it were not that the intelligent portion of them are continually running away to Canada, instead of remaining there, that the sons of every insolent, overbearing slaveholder would rise up against them, and free themselves, even if it required the slaughter of their fathers. And this they very well know. They look back with terror to the St. Domingo tragedy, fearing lest the same may be reenacted in their midst.—They look forward to the time when the same tragedy must be enacted in this country. When they hear the voice of freedom coming over from Europe—when they see crowned heads falling and the people breaking the chains of their oppressors, and then look at their own sons and see many of them in spite of all they can do running away and escaping, they tremble and think that something must be done. Some scheme must be formed to get them away.

For one I am disposed to live and die in the land that gave me birth; and although the laws of my country have taken away my rights, although they have enslaved and scourged me, although they have deprived me of my dearest friends, many of whom are now toiling on Southern plantations, notwithstanding all this, I am disposed to make America my home and my final resting place. No inducement, no force will compel me to leave this my native country. If they carry me to the shores of Africa they carry my lifeless body. (Great applause.)

The resolution offerred by Mr. Remond was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Downing offered the following resolution.

Resolved that we earnestly beseech our friends in Great Britain not to strengthen the hands of the slaveholders, and aggravate the prejudice that consumes us, by giving their countenance to the Colonization Society, remembering that however unexceptionable its *theory* may appear to them, the Abolitionists of America, and the intelligent portion of the free coloured people cordially concur in deprecating its *practical influence* as eminently promoting the prosperity of SLAVERY and CASTE.

MR. FREDERICK DOUGLASS then proceeded to address the meeting on the subject of the resolution, as follows:

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: The resolution which I have been called upon to second is an appeal to the people of Great Britain from us, not to unite with our enemies against us, but to set their faces against our enemies and thereby help us. I shall return to this resolution after I shall have said a few things in favour of Colonization and against ourselves (Laughter).

I think sir, to begin with, that we shall be regarded as a very unthankful people—a very unthankful people indeed; strangers to the sentiment of virtue and gratitude. Why here is a society which springs up in our midst, organized and aided by some of the greatest men in church and state—a society which raises vast sums of money, going not only to and fro in our own land but braving the dangers and perils of the deep, crossing the Atlantic ocean to gather money for the purpose of sending us to the land where we are confidently assured that if we shall go, we shall become Presidents, Vice Presidents, Secretaries, Treasurers;—(laughter)—where we shall become grave Senators, Representatives, diplomatic agents, Ministers Plenopotentiary, judges of the Supreme Court; and yet we are so ungrateful so unthankful that we meet here to denounce this very class of men who are going to shower upon us those offices of honour and profit! Now are we not an ungrateful class of people? (laughter)—that after all the trouble that our friends have been to bring us from Africa and then to get up a scheme to send us back again, having done it Caudle-like, for our own good and never consulting their own, that we should be so ungrateful as to meet here for the purpose of denouncing that movement! Well we are unthankful—ain't we? (Laughter.)

But Mr. Chairman, to the resolution.—This meeting is held more with a view to affect this question in England than in our own land. The fact is renegade coloured men, who will consent to make themselves the tools of this Colonization Society in this matter, are easily disposed of; but there is, a skilful, an adroit, a subtile son of a Dr. of Divinity now perambulating England and portions of Ireland and Scotland, representing to the British public the desireableness of this emigration scheme, and soliciting funds from the humane and benevolent of that land to enable this Colonization Society to transport us from this land of our birth to Liberia, or to some part of Africa. It is with this agent that we have to deal. But I have no fears for the result of our dealing. The statistics adduced by our eloquent friend Mr. Reason, the arguments produced from othe sources and the extracts from the report of the American Colonization Society, together with the various resolutions that have been made here during these two evenings past, will be gathered up with the resolutions under consideration and sent to England. I have no doubt then I say as to the effect which they will produce upon the public mind of that country.

Sir, it is not the first time that our enemies have sent to England, men for the purpose of degrading us. I recollect that about two years ago there were some seventy ministers sent from the United States to attend the Evangelical Alliance at London, and that one of the main purposes of that body of evangelical divines from this land, was to misrepresent and slander the coloured people of this country, and their friends. And I remember well the generous and unsophisticated manner in which the British people were disposed to listen to arguments pro and con, both from these ministers themselves and from the humble individual now addressing you. I remember that their adroit and cunning statements produced upon the public mind of England quite a sensation—quite an impression in favour of their views with respect to us, and but for the presence in the midst of them of one of this despised race and one of the "fanatical Abolitionists" to expose their doings the probability is that the churches of England would have been linked to the churches of America, and would have thrown round the guilty slaveholder, who gains his fortune by the blood of souls, all the sanction of the religion of England; that effort failed. This best effort of the Colonization Society will fail likewise; and it will fail by the same means. I was glad at that time to be present in that country when these divines were slandering coloured people in this country. I am equally thankful that one Alexander Crummell, whom you all know, is on the ground at this moment doing battle against the equally subtile foe in the person of the son of this Dr. of Divinity. I say I have no fear of the result of this meeting upon the English people. They are naturally jealous and they ought to be jealous of propositions coming from the white people of this country, affecting the character or condition of the coloured people. John Bull is honest, strictly honest, in comparison with other nations, especially with our own Democratic Republic, and would be liable to be led astray, but that he is jealous with respect to propositions coming from white people in this country affecting the condition or character of the coloured people. He has seen the efforts made on the part of this country to degrade us. They have seen the various subterfugees and refuges of lies to which they have resorted to sustain their system of Slavery and to keep up the abominable prejudice and proscription that prevails against us. Therefore the people of England are more ready to listen to what comes from us than to what comes from them.

I do think the Colonization Society is one of the most impudent Societies in the world. I never saw its equal. Once upon a time the immortal Shakespeare said that a thing would die when its brains were out. But it is not so with this Colonization Society. It seems to have nine or ten lives (laughter). Why, sir, it was exposed and rebuked by the noble Clarkson. It was denounced by the benevolent and eloquent Wilberforce. It was thundered at by the eloquent O'Connell, and two or three years ago it was attacked by the ever-to-be-remembered George Thompson. Scarcely have the graves of the philanthropic Wilberforce and the illustrious O'Connell become green, ere this same saucy, impudent Colonization Society appears again on the shores of old England to deceive the public and mislead them. It seems to have been sitting cat-like on the borders of the Atlantic, watching to see this noble man expire, and as soon as the breath is out of his body, this same insidious deceiver, "full of deceivableness of unrighteousness," walks abroad again on its mission of negro-hatred. But it will not succeed; it cannot succeed. Crummell is there. The spirit that warmed the bosom of Clarkson and Wilberforce and O'Connell is there. Thompson and Sturge are there. They will meet this man, disrobe him of his mask, and send him home to be cheered and pampered by his brother Colonizationists, while he shall quiver under the detestation of the coloured people of the United States. (Applause.)

I want to say a word about John Bull. I have a peculiar affection for Englishmen, and a respect for the English character. They were among the first to do us injury and the first to try to right that injury. I respect them—for I forgive them for what they did in days of yore. I respect them for what they have already done, and what they are still doing in our behalf. Englishmen hate American Slavery; they hate American prejudice, and from my experience among them, I can safely say that they do not appreciate the spirit in which this Colonization movement originates. They do not understand what the Americans call prejudice. I have travelled England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales for nearly a year; and during my sojourn in that land, riding on railways, stage-coaches, omnibusses, steamboats, and putting up at hotels, I have yet to see the first look or the first act, or to hear the first word from an Englishman indicating a dislike to me on account of my complexion (Applause.) I have had illustration also of the generosity of Englishmen, and of their freedom from all this matter of prejudice in this country. I had occasion, a few days since, to enter one of the hotels of this city for the purpose of seeing one of the chief waiters. I had not been in the hotel two minutes, before a couple of English gentlemen, sitting at the dining-table, and hearing my name mentioned, called for me immediately to come into the dining-room and unite with them around the festive board—to sit down to the table with them and *take a glass of wine* which I respectfully declined. (Laughter and applause). They assured me that they felt a deep interest in this matter of Anti-Slavery, and that the people of England were, to a man, Anti-Slavery at heart. I mention this fact to show you that intelligent and respectable English gentlemen when they come to this country, if they have only been here but a few days are entirely unsophisticated—are such strangers to American taste and *democratic* aristocracy that they can welcome not only myself, but other coloured gentlemen at the dining-table with themselves. Of course, my friends, I did not look upon it as any distinguished honour, to sit at the table with white men; why, bless my soul! I have often been too near the tables where white men are, (great laughter), and I have not the slightest aspiration that way. I only mention the fact to illustrate the character of the English people generally. How different is the case with our American gentlemen. They, so far from being willing to sit at the table with the coloured man, will scarely allow a coloured man to sit in the same pew with them in church. And they would feel themselves degraded to walk through the streets of New York in company with a coloured gentleman, though he were far superior to themselves,—a Webster in intellect or a Wesley in piety.

There is one class however of transatlantic men who come to this country, to which I wish to call special attention. It is the Irish. Now I am far from finding fault with the Irish for coming to this country, for they have a right to come here or go anywhere else they please; but I met with an Irishman a few weeks ago in the town of Bath in the State of New York. He conversed with me on the subject of Slavery. He had scarcely shed the first feathers of "ould Ireland," and had the brogue still on his lip.—[Laughter.]. And that man, newly imported to this country, gravely told me that it was his deliberate opinion that the coloured people in this country could never rise here, and ought to go to Africa. (Laughter.) What I have to say to Ireland is,—send no more such children here.—[Laughter and applause.] We do not want any such specimens among us. I told the gentleman that I hoped I should give him no offence, but that I was an American-born citizen, and hoped he would not take any pride in what I was about to tell him, which was, that I intended to stay in this country. [Applause.]

Sir, these foreigners who come to this country, (I use the term foreigner not invidiously) ought to know that the black people of this country are in fact the rightful owners of the soil of this country—at least in one half the States of the Union. Why the theory of property in the soil runs thus:—that man has a right to as much soil as is necessary for his existence: and when a human being has incorporated a portion of his own strength and that which belongs to his personality into that soil he therefore has a right to that soil against the universe. What is the fact with regard to us? In the language of James Forten—whose name I never mention but my heart swells within me—"We have watered the soil of America with our tears, we have enriched it with our blood, we have tilled it with our hard hands; we only ask to be treated as well as you treat ordinary paupers. We are American born citizens; we only ask to be treated as well as you treat your aliens. We have fought for this country; we only ask to be treated and respected as well as you respect those who have fought against it. We are the lovers of our country; we only ask to be treated and respected as you treat and respect those who are haters of it." These sentiments are attributed to the venerated and departed James Forten, a coloured man, who, I believe, stood side by side with American freemen and who bared his bosom in defence of this country.

And in this connection I wish to refer to others who fought in defence of our country. We are credibly informed that among the first blood spilt on Banker's mound was that which spirted from the bosom of a black man. We have it also on the page of history that those who stood foremost, who fought bravest, who presented most undoubted valour on the banks of the Mobile, were the black men of Louisiana and Alabama, General Jackson, stern and iron-hearted as he was, stained with the crime of Slavery, was compelled to confess that, to black men he was as much indebted as to any other class for his cotton bale victory. [Applause.] Why, sir, these foreigners, some of them from Ireland and some of them from elsewhere, come here after we have fought and bled for our country and gravely propose our removal from this to our *native* land, Africa.

Let me inform my audience and the good people abroad what sort of missionaries are yearly sent off to Liberia. I am a Baltimorean, and that is the very hot bed of Colonization. I have been on the wharf to hear those men who go about the South for the purpose of teaching and evangelizing the coloured people. I hope it will not be deemed profane in me to give you a specimen of the class of preachers that are found there. You know that we are not as a people very distinguished for the elegance of our use of the Queen's English. I mean, we are not very distinguished among our white friends for elegance of language or theological knowledge. Now these colonizationists fail to get the right sort of men to go to Liberia, even if evangelization was their object. I will tell you what kind they take. They take those old exhorters from among the licensed preachers on the Southern stations who have got their freedom in order to go there. And what is the amount of their preaching? Why, I heard one of them one day exhorting thus: "I take my text from de Revelations ob Saint John. John you know was cast away on de island of Patmos." [Laughter.] Well he went on in this style until he worked himself up into a paroxysm, and there was no telling head, front, side, and, or beginning of his sermon. *He* was one of those evangelists to Africa. Now I think the Colonization Society had much better keep such specimens here until they can be instructed and improved before they are sent to Africa.

Friends, in conclusion, I wish to say that I shall return to Rochester, with my hands strengthened and energies increased by the intercourse I have had with free hearts and free spirits in this city. I want to feel that this is no effervescent thing—that the feeling got up against Colonization, and in behalf of freedom is not to disappear and die out the next week, but that the fire kindled here is to continue to burn until slave prejudice, and last, though not least, Colonization, with all its deceptive acts, shall be utterly consumed. Friends, let us unite in a league against the oppressor; all those who are in favour of doing so, say aye!

[The audience responded in a most decisive manner. The resolution was then unanimously adopted.]

Mr. GEORGE T. DOWNING then offered the following resolution, which was adopted,

Resolved, That we advise the American Colonization Society to call home its agent, Rev. Mr. Miller, and not attempt to impose upon British philanthropy, a thing rotten in deception—in sin and iniquity, rotten to the core—a scheme which is becoming daily more and more disreputable.

Dr. JAMES MCCUNE SMITH, then offered the following:

Resolved, That this meeting do petition the Congress of the United States to appropriate a sum sufficient to colonize Elliot Cresson, Henry Clay, Anson G. Phillips and others in the land of their forefathers; they being disturbers of the public peace, in persisting in urging coloured Americans to go to Africa, and in sending emmissaries abroad to malign a large and respectable portion of the American people.

Resolved, That we recognize in the Rev. Alex. Crumwell, now in England on a mission for his church, a true man, a loyal, firm, unflinching adherent to principle, and that he has the thanks of his people for his timely and fortunate opposition to the secret efforts of the American Colonization Society in England, in the person of its agent, Rev. Mr. Miller.

Resolved, That we fraternally commend the Rev. J. W. C. Pennington to the confidence and sympathies of British Christians, as a firm friend of his people in America.

Dr. S. remarked; Mr. Crummell* sir, asks me why I left Mr. Calhoun out of the first resolution. The reason is that Mr. Calhoun is opposed to Colonization; he is on the other side of the question altogether. If all the colonizationists thought as Mr. Calhoun does, the day of our emancipation would soon arrive. I sometimes think that we live in a heroic age and we are part and parcel of a heroic people; and that when the historian shall look down the vista of time to record the events of the day, he will not seek to record in how many hours the battle of Resaca de la Palma was won,—how Buena Vista was defended,—how Cerra Gordo was taken, how General Taylor had an old white horse to accompany him in his wars, how he looked, how he swore, how many bullets perforated his coat; but it seems to me that he will record the fact for wondering men to read, long after the very name of the Colonization Society shall cease to be known, that five hundred thousand free coloured people and three millions of slaves were living in this Republic under the mighty energies brought to crush them. It appears to me that they will look back at us and our conduct in this matter as the heroic age of the American people. I mean not that physical heroism which is strong in fight, but that moral heroism which is omnipotent for truth. Methinks I see in the history of our people within the last two hundred years, two remarkable facts that are peculiar to the heroic of any people. They have been mighty in suffering; they are beginning to be triumphant in resisting. Since the sun has shone there has been no example perhaps of a people so mighty in suffering. The other fact is only beginning to be developed—that we are to triumph in resisting. It was well remarked that if we want to know the character of a people we must look to the remarkable men of that people. And I offer for closest scrutiny those men that are distinguished among us, and are loved by us, and ask if they do not mark a great people. We do not bow down and worship those whose garments are dripping in blood—those who are skilful in diplomacy, but we admire and respect those who are strong in truth. In this view then there are few men among us who will bear this scrutiny like Alexander Crummell. I have known him well from his boybood; I knew well the most important trial which his mind underwent, for I witnessed that trial. It has been said in a recent copy of the "*Churchman*," that the conduct of the distinguished prelate who at that time presided over this diocese was approved by Rev. Peter Williams, so far as the exclusion of Mr. Crummell from the General Theological Seminary was concerned. I here deny the assertion. Allow me to explain the why and wherefore.

Mr Degrass had recently been excluded from the Theological seminary on account of his Complexion. Mr. Crummel with the knowledge and consent of Mr. Williams, leaped over the head of Bishop Onddonk, and petioned the trustees for admission into the seminary. The Bishop sent for him while the Trustees were in session, and requested him to withdraw his petition. At first he consented. I happened to have the pleasure of seeing him immediately afterwards and he was almost in tears, because he had assented; and immediately his mind was made up to go back and withdraw his withdrawal, and allow the petition to take its way. He went back and withdrew his consent, and let it take its course. The consequence was that the trustees refused his admission into the seminary. So far as his conduct went in pushing that petition. It was properly sanctioned by the distinguished rector of St. Philip's Church. I say therefore that the statement in the New York Churchman was, that Mr. Williams approved of the conduct of Bishop Onderdonk in excluding Mr. Crummell from this Seminary is not true.

I have a word or two with regard to the other aspects of these resolutions, but the late hour forbids. I should have been pleased to carry out the idea, by showing from numberless examples, that there is heroism in this age of our people. In regard to the resolve that we will petition Congress to appropriate funds, to remove Elliot Cressin, Henry

Poetry.

From the London Athenæum.

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

It is ended!—all is over!
Lo, the weeping mourners come—
Mother, father, friend and lover,
To the death encumbered room;
Lips are pressed to the blessed
Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine—
Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes were wont to shine,
Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender-hearted, speech departed—
Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth cold for ever—
No more merry leap and start,
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
In its silent home the heart!

Hope not answer to your praying!
Cold, responseless lies she there.
Death, that ever will be slaying
Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers soft as slumbers—
She is with Him otherwere!

Mother! yes, you scarce would chide her
Had you seen the form he bore,
Heard the words he spoke beside her,
Tender as the look he wore,
While he proved her how he loved her
More than mother—ten times more!

Earthly father! weep not o'er her!
To another Father's breast,
On the wings of love he bore her—
To the kingdom of the blest;
Where no weeping eyelids keeping,
Dwells she now in perfect rest.

Friend! He was a friend that found her
Amid blessings poor and scant;
With a wicked world around her
And within a heavenly want:
And supplied her, *Home* to guide her,
Wings for which the weary pant.

Lover! yes, she loved thee dearly!—
When she left thee loved thee best!
Love she knew alone burns clearly
In the bosoms of the blest:
Love she bore thee watches o'er thee—
Is the angel in thy breast!

Mourners all! have done with weeping!
I will tell you what He said,
When He came and found her sleeping,
On her heart His hand he laid;
"Sleep is, Maiden, sorrow-laden;
Peace dwells only with the dead.

"Wend with me across the river
Seems so bitter—is so sweet!
On whose other shore forever
Happy, holy spirits greet:
Grief all over, friend and lover
In a sweet communion meet!—

"Is it bitter, father, mother,
Lover, friend to leave behind?
All their blessed loves, and other,
Come with me and thou shalt find—
Where thy spirit shall inherit
Perfect love and perfect mind.

"Love that is to mortals given
Struggles with imperfect will;
Love alone that homes in heaven
Can its perfect self fulfill—
Where, possessing every blessing,
Still it grows and greatens still!

'See, I bring thee wings to bear thee
To the blessed angel home;
Dear ones dead forever near thee,
From thy side no more to roam;
Love increased, wait thou blessed
Will the living loved ones come!

"O'er the river!"—Lo! she faltered
[illegible] took her by the hand;
And her blessed face grew altered
As she heard the sweet command.
Father! lover! all was over!—
So she passed to Spirit Land!

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition!
This life of Mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.—*Sartain's Magazine.*

KING DAVID—HIS LAMENT,

Over the bodyes of Kinge Saul of Israel and his Sonne Jonathan

The beautye of the lande ys slayne,
Howe lowlye are the myghtie layne!

Now lette us shedde the brinie teare,
And lette us heave the pityinge moane!—
But whyle we strowe the willowe biere
For Ysrael's pryde to lye upon;
Oh, lette not Gath the tidynges heare
Oh, tell yt not yn Askalon,
Leste every waylinge sounde of ours
Rayse triumph shoutes in heathen bowers!

May raine or dew droppe never lyghte
Upon thy mountaynes, Gilboa!
May offerynge-flame ne'er crowne thyne heighte
In deepe of nyght or noon of daye!
Where, worsted yn unholie fyghte,
The myghtie flunge hys shielde away;
Caste meanlie on the fouled greene,
As he had ne'er anoynted beene!

From battel-fyelde they turned them ne'er,
With bowe unstrunge, or blade untryede—
Pleasant they were yn lyfe, and fayre;
Nor yette did deathe theyre love divide—
Theyre nervous armies mygthe scatheless dare
To bearde the lyon yn hys pryde;
Yette thyere lygthe limbes made fleeter speede
Than eagles, stoopynge o'er the meade.

Ye daughters of the lande, deplore,
For Saule the bounteous and the bolde,
Whose kynghe hande hath founde you store
Of crymson geare and clothe of golde;
Alack! that hande can give no more,
That worthie harte ys still and colde;
Unknowne amongst the deade and dyinge,
The mightie with the mean are lyinge.

Ah! Jonathan! my brother! lorne
And friendlesse I must looke to be!—
That heart whose woe thou ofte hast borne,
Is sore and strickene nowe for thee!
Younge brydegroome's love on brydal morne,
Oh! yt was lyghte to thyne for me;
Thy tymeless lotte I now must playne,
Even on thyne owne highe places, slayne!

How lowlie sow the mightie are!
How stille the weapons of the war!

[*Attributed to Sir Philip Sydney*

Miscellany.

From the Ladies Repository.

AN INTELLECTUAL PRODIGY.

TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

Several of my late communications, Mr. Editor, have been personal sketches. If the articles on Laura Bridgman, Klopstock, and Powers have not been wholly unacceptable to your readers, they will indulge me with another simple sketch. As I pen these lines, there is looking upon me, from above my library case, one of the most extraordinary faces you ever beheld. An expression, at once, of the happy simplicity of childhood and the intellectual brightness of a seraph, beams from it. It is the portrait (too much idolized, perhaps by the artist) of a little friend of mine, whom, notwithstanding his childhood I am proud to rank among the choicest on my list of familiar and esteemed names. He is about twelve years of age, and diminutive even for that age. He dresses, talks, smiles, and romps, as would any buoyant hearted little fellow; his cogitations, such as delighted the minds of Newton or La Place, occupy his young faculties; and there is on his capacious forehead, and in the streaming lustre of his large, black, burning eye, an intellectual predominance that might befit a young archangel. Newspapers have made you familiar with him as the "Young Mathematician," the "Wonderful Vermont Boy," &c. As these reports are, however, mostly fragmentary, I propose to give you a somewhat connected outline of his history and marvellous capacity, from data unquestionably authentic.

Truman Henry Safford is a child of the same hardy and noble State which produced the distinguished subject of my late communication—Powers, the artist. He was the son of T. H. and Louisa Safford and was born in the beginning of 1836, in Royalton, Vt. He was unusually frail during his infancy; the exceeding delicacy of his nervous system rendered the hope of his life quite uncertain, and it was only by the extraordinary care of an extraordinary mother, that the tender flower was reared into its present more hopeful vigour, and unexampled beauty. "Not one mother in a thousand could have saved him," was a common remark in the neighbourhood. His acute sensibility suffered almost uncontrollably under the usual physical trials of infancy, and during much of his first year, a large portion of each night was spent in wakefulness and weeping. On entering his second year, his health underwent a visible change, his sensitive nerves took a more vigouros tone; and this fortunate change was rendered doubly cheering to the parental fondness which had, thus far, so assiduously nurtured him, by the development of not only a happy and unusually affectionate disposition, but also, an astonishing mental capacity. The avidity of his infant intellect was insatiable. He incessantly inquired after the names of surrounding objects, and no sooner learned their names, than puzzling questions, respecting their natural history or scientific character, startled those who were about him. He forgot nothing. When but twenty months old, he learned the alphabet, in the space of one month, from blocks, containing each a letter, which was given him, as an amusement, during a period of sickness.

No apprehension, however, of his singular mathematical powers, was entertained, till about his third year, when he began to reckon time, upon the clock, "almost intuitively," writes one of my correspondents; "he, also, learned to enumerate according to the Roman method, from Webster's Spelling Book. He commenced going to school when three years old; but this he did not like. His mode of study was unique. He did not pursue the common circuitous routes to the results of study. * * * When he first began to go to school, his teachers could not comprehend his ways, nor instruct his infant mind. Every branch of study he could master alone, and with ease and rapidity. He commenced Adams's New Arithmetic on Tuesday morning, and finished it completely on Friday night! And when he finishes a book it is done perfectly. He would not fully set down his sums, but cover his slate with a shower of figures, and at once bring out the answer. The teacher would look on with astonishment, unable to keep up with him, or to comprehend his operation, carried on in his mind with the rapidity of lightning, and then dashed on to the slate, no matter which end first."

The ordinary mechanical routines of instruction are nauseated to the original and more rapid processes of such minds. Most men of genius have had similar times at school. Henry soon tired of it, and entreated permission of his mother to tarry at home, where he could pursue his own course, in the household library, and, in a few days, outstripped a "quarter's" progress of the school.

One of his earliest mathematical achievements was in his sixth year. He affirmed that if he could learn how many rods there were around a large meadow on his father's farm, he could give the circumference in barley corns. His father gave him 1,040 rods as the sum demanded, and, in a few minutes, the boy gave, from his "head," 617,760 as the extent in barley corns.

When not nine years old, he could multiply four figures, mentally, with as much rapidity as it could be done with slate and pencil. The maximum of Zerah Colburn's faculty of calculation was to give the product of five places of figures by five. Henry could equal this in his ninth year. The following are examples of his performances at that age: 6 842 ⋈ 5,654 = 48,684 668; 9,876 ⋈ 9,958 = 98,345,-208; 22,362 ⋈ 21,344 = 4,777,294,528; 84,322 ⋈ 64 262 = 5,418,700,364. He performed, at this age, all the sums in Colburn's "Life," mentally, including the large one of the square of 888,888, the product being 790,121,876,544. He could with equal rapidity, extract the square and cube roots of nine or ten places of figures. It was a recreation to him, at that time, to survey the fields of his father's farm, which he did with precision, aided only by a younger sister. Before this time he had got an idea of logarithms from a scientific dictionary, and had actually formed an original table from 1 to 60.

His faculty of calculating was found to be somewhat dependent upon practice. When intermitted for a considerable time, it declined. It was not, therefore, that sort of numerical intuition, which has occasionally appeared in connection even with idiocy. It was logical. There was a use of processes, and in later years an invention of new and improved processes for his solutions. This was further manifest by the superior pleasure which he took in the higher mathematical problems, and, especially, in the grateful discovery, made soon after by his parents, that his success was not merely, though chiefly with numbers, but that all sciences within his reach, were seized by his wonderful intellect. Gregory's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences was procured for him. "This," says my correspondent above quoted, "was just the work he wanted; for an outline of anything is enough—he can make the rest. It was this book that first gave him a taste for the higher mathematics. Here he found the definition of a logarithm, and, from this alone, went on and made almost an entire table of them before ever seeing one. One day he went to his father, and told him he wanted to calculate the eclipses, and make an almanac! He said he wanted some books and instruments. His father tried to put him off; but the boy followed him into the fields and whithersoever he went, begging for books and instruments with a most affecting importunity. Finally, his father promised to accompany him to Dartmouth College, and obtain for him if possible, what he wanted. At this the boy was quite overjoyed; so much so, that when they hove in sight of the College, he cried out in raptures, 'O, there is the College! there are the books! there are the instruments!' But they did not find all they wanted. At Norwich, however, they made up their complement. On coming home, the boy took Gummere's Astronomy, opened it *in the middle*, rolling it to and fro, and, dashing through its dry and tedious formulas, *went out at both ends*. By the way, this is his usual mode of study. He does not begin any book at the beginning, but in the middle and then goes with a rush both ways. I asked him if, when he opened Gummere's Astronomy *in the middle*, he could comprehend those complicated formulas which depended on previous demonstrations. He replied, he could generally, but sometimes he 'looked back a little.' On arriving home, he projected several eclipses, and also calculated them through all their tedious operations by figures. This, as all mathematicians know, involves a knowledge of the labyrinths of mathematics, and also of formulas and processes most complicated and difficult."

This avidity for knowledge suffered no abatement even in periods of painful illness. During his ninth year, his life was endangered by an attack of typhus fever. The marvellous intellectual light which had so wondrously illuminated the humble habitation of the New England farmer, seemed to flicker in its clay socket, as if it would depart to a higher and more adequate sphere. The family knew how to appreciate the prize at stake, and the most devoted and tireless attentions waited on his sick bed. The night was divided into three parts, during which the father, mother, and an aunt, were respectively his watchers for twenty-three successive nights. They were unwilling that any possible error or negligence, which might attend the services of others, should endanger their precious charge. During this illness, his faculties lost none of their power; and, as soon as the crisis was over, it was hardly possible to withhold from him his books. It was perilous to allow him to return to them yet, but more to interdict them Day's Algebra and a slate were brought to his bed; he proceeded to make a calculation; but the pencil dropped from his trembling hand, and, bursting into tears, he fell back upon his pillow. In a few days, he got hold upon another book, and was attempting the solution of the proportion of the diameter of a circle to its circumference when force had to be used to wrest from him the favourite volume; he clung to it with both hands, as with a death-grasp.

His first almanac was prepared in 1845. An almanac by a child nine and a half years old, is certainly an extraordinary fact, probably never before paralleled in the history of the human mind. The next year, he calculated four more, for Vermont, Boston, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The miscellaneous reading, appended to those publications was compiled by another hand; but the usual calendar calculations were prepared solely by himself. They were remarkably accurate, more so than the common almanacs of New England. Copies were submitted to the examination of Lieut. Maury of the Washington Observatory. He wrote that "the almanac would not do discredit to a mathematician of mature years. Young Safford is a prodigy; I have never heard of his equal."

His active mind could not brook the imperfections of the ordinary processes for such computations.—While preparing the almanac for your city, it was noticed that he wandered away by himself, abstracted, and soliloquizing, as if absorbed in some new subject of thought. His father was curious to ascertain what it could be, and was surprised to find that the child had actually produced a new method for calculating moon risings and settings, with a table, by which the labour of such calculations is abridged, at least, one-fourth! His calculation of logarithms, from 1 to 60, from a limited idea which he obtained of them from Gregory, would hardly be credible, were it not that the marvel is exceeded by the fact that he not only calculated eclipses in his tenth year, but also, constructed a new rule for those elaborate computations—a rule unknown before, and which curtails the labour nearly one-third. It is said, that, for several days before he found out this new process, he was so absorbed in thought, as to appear "to be in a sort of trance." Soon after dawn one morning, he flew down stairs in his night dress, "poured on to his slate a stream of figures," exclaiming, with an ecstasy of gladness, "O, father, I have got it" I have got it! It comes—it comes!"

His knowledge of science, generally, is quite extraordinary for a child of his age. A friend who visited him in his tenth year, wrote me as follows:

"His infant mind drinks in knowledge as the sponge does water. Chemistry, botany, philosophy, geography, and history, are his sport. It does not make much difference what question you ask him, he answers very readily. I spoke to him of some of the recent discoveries in chemistry. He understood them. I spoke to him of the solidification of carbonic acid gas by Professor Johnson, of the Wesleyan University. He said he understood it. His eyes flashed fire, and he began to explain the process. When only four years old, he would surround himself upon the floor with Morse's, Woodbridge's, Olney's, Smith's, and Malte Brun's Geographies, tracing them through and comparing them, noting their points of difference. His memory, too, is very strong. He has pored over Gregory's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences so much, that I doubt whether there can be a question asked him, drawn from either of those immense volumes, that he will not answer instantly. I saw the volumes, and also noticed that he had left his marks on almost every page. I asked to see his mathematical works. He sprung into his study, and produced me Greenleaf's Arithmetic, Perkins's Algebra Playfair's Euclid, Pike's Arithmetic, Davies's Algebra, Hutton's Mathematics, Flint's Surveying, the Cambridge Mathematics, Gummere's Astronomy, and several Nautical Almanacs. I asked him if he had mastered them all. He replied that he had. And an examination of him for the space of three hours convinced me that he had: and not only so, but that he had far outstripped them. His knowledge is not intuitive. He is a *pure and profound* [illegible] all other geniuses of whom I ever read. He can not only reckon figures in his mind with the rapidity of lightning, but he reasons, compares, reflects, and wades at pleasure through all the most abstruse sciences, and comprehends and reduces to his own clear and brief rules the highest mathematical knowledge."

Though thus versatile, his chief ability undoubtedly is, and will continue to be, in mathematical calculation. Professor Dewey, of the Vermont Medical College, examined him when he was nine years old, and has given several examples of his arithmetical power, which, with the explanations accompanying them, illustrate what I have affirmed, namely, that he gives numerical results, not by that mysterious sort of instinct, or intuition, which seems peculiar to the mathematical genius, but by a process of wonderfully rapid reasoning. Dr. Dewey says, "He multiplied three figures by three figures with the greatest ease, and showed how he did the work. I gave him 592 to be multiplied by 787, and, in less than a minute, he gave the product by his head alone. He said he multiplied 787 by 600, and subtracted from the product eight times 787. I then gave him 577 to be multiplied by 395, and as he said the product, he observed that 576 is the square of 24, and that he multiplied 395 by the factors 4, 4, 6, 6, and added once 395. He has wonderful facility in finding factors, if there are any in the numbers to be multiplied. I gave him 765 to be multiplied by 567. In a moment, he gave me the product, as he said by multiplying 765 by the factors 9, 9, and 7, which equal 567. In giving him numbers at random, I found that in one case, when the multiplier was 177, he had multiplied the other number by 3 and by 59." At this date he could give the product of more than three places of figures in both the multiplicand and the multiplier; but it was not deemed desirable then, on account of his health, to task his mind with those extraordinary computations, which, as we shall see, he soon after performed. Dr. Dewey insists that he is not "one of the calculators by instinct, but a real, regular reasoner on correct and established principles, taking the easiest and most direct course. I saw him," continues the Doctor's letter, "work equations with great facility, and the process showed the acuteness of his reasoning on the problems, to obtain the equation. I gave him two sides, and the included angle of a triangle, to find the other parts, and he gave the proportions and operations, by which to find them, with the utmost facility. I asked him the proportions when any two parts of a triangle, besides the right angle, are given, to find the others. He instantly gave the proportions, as if he saw, with the utmost clearness, the reasoning to conduct to the true result. His statements were like those of one who saw, and not merely remembered.

I asked him for the curvure of our earth, and he seemed never to have seen it; but as he had read through the Cambridge Mathematics, as he said, I told him he must have seen it, or I thought I could find it if he had not, from a proposition in geometry. After a moment's hesitation, he said, 'O yes, eight inches for a mile!' and gave the proportion to find this quantity, when the diameter of the earth is given; 'or,' said he, 'divide 5,280 by 7,926, and you have eight inches nearly, the small quantity being regulated in the formula usually given."

The last very thorough examination of Henry, which has come to my knowledge, was made by the friend from whom I have already several times quoted, the Rev. Mr. Adams, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Springfield, Mass. In a communication, which Mr. Adams sent at the time, full and most surprising particulars of the interview are given.

"I went," says Mr. Adams, "firmly expecting to be able to confound him, as I previously prepared myself with various problems for his solution. I did not suppose it possible for a boy, of ten years only to be able to play, as with a top, with all the higher branches of mathematics. But in this I was disappointed. Here follow some of the questions I put to him, and his answers. I said, 'Can you tell me how many seconds old I was last March, the twelfth day, when I was twenty-seven years old?' He replied, instantly, '85,255,200.' Then said I, 'The hour and minute hands of a clock are exactly together at 12 o'clock: when are they next together?' Said he, as quick as thought, '1 h. 5 5-11 m.' And here I will remark, that I had only to read the sum to him *once*. He did not care to see it, but only to hear it announced *once*, no matter how long. Let this fact be remembered in connection with some of the long and blind sums I shall hereafter name, and see if it does not show this amazing power of perception and comprehension. He would perform the sums mentally, and, also, on a slate, working by the briefest and strictest rules, and hurrying on to the answer with a rapidity outstripping all capacity to keep up with him. The next sum I gave him was this: 'A man and his wife usually drank out a cask of beer in 12 days; but when the man was from home it lasted the woman 30 days: how many days would the man alone be drinking it?' He whirled about, rolled up his eyes, and replied, at once, '20 days.'* * * 'What number,' said I, 'is that which being divided by the product of its digits the quotient is 3; and if 18 be added the digits will be inverted?' He flew out of his chair, whirled round, rolled up his wild, flashing eyes, and said, in about a minute, '24.' Then said I, 'Two persons, A and B, started from different places, at the same time, and travelled toward each other. On meeting, it appeared that A had travelled 18 miles more than B; and that A could have gone B's journey in 15 3-4 days, but B would have been 28 in performing A's journey. How far did each travel? He flew round the room, round the chairs, writhing his little body as if in agony, and in about a minute sprung up to me, and said, 'A travelled 72 miles, and B 54 miles, didn't they?' 'Yes.' Then said I, 'What two numbers are those whose sum, multiplied by the greater, is equal to 77; and whose difference, multiplied by the less, is equal to 12?' He again shot out of his chair like an arrow, flew about the room, his eyes wildly rolling in their sockets, and, in about a minute, said, '4 and 7.' 'Well,' said I, 'the sum of two numbers is 8, and the sum of their cubes 152. What are the numbers?' Said he, instantly, '3 and 5.'

"Now in regard to these sums, they are the hardest in Davies's Algebra. I have had classes of one hundred scholars who have not been able to perform several of them. But young Safford, at one reading, comprehended them at a flash, and returned, almost instantly, correct answers. He also gave me correct algebraic formulas for doing them. Then I took him into plain trigonometry. Said I, 'In order to find the distance between two trees, A and B, which could not be directly measured, because of a pool which occupied the intermediate space, the distance of a third point, C, from each was measured, namely, C A = 588 feet, and C B = 672 feet, and, also, the contained angle A C B = 55 deg. 40 min.; required the distance A B?' He seized his slate, covered it with a group of figures, performed some of it mentally, and brought out the answer in about two minutes, saying, '592.967 feet.' I then gave him this, in the mensuration of surfaces, 'What is the area of a trapezoid whose parallel sides are 750 and 1,225, and the altitude 1,540?' He walked rapidly across the floor, whirled about to and fro, and replied, '152,075.' Then said I, 'If the diameter of the earth be 7,921, what is the circumference?' He said instantly, '24,884 6136.' To do this, he multiplied 7,921 by 3 1416. This he did mentally quicker than I could write the answer. Then I gave him this: 'How many acres in a circular piece of ground, whose circumference is 31 416 miles.' He sprung on to his feet, flew round the room, and in a minute said, '50,265 6.' Then said I, 'Required the number of acres of blue sky in an eclipse whose semi-axes are 35 and 25 miles?' He began to walk the floor again, twisting his little body, and whirling his eyes spasmodically, and in about a minute said, '1,759,296 acres.' How did you do it?' said I. Said he, 'Multiply the semi-axes together, and that product by 3 1416, and that product by 640.' 'And did you perform the entire operation in your mind so soon?' 'Yes sir.' Then I took him into the mensuration of solids. Said I, 'What is the entire surface of a regular pyramid whose slant height is 17 feet, and the base a pentagon, of which each side is 33 5 feet.' In about two minutes, after amplifying round the room, as his custom is, he replied, '3,354,5558.' "How did you do it?' said I. He answered, "Multiply 33 5 by 5, and that product by 8, 5, and add this product to the product obtained by squaring 33.5, and multiplying the square by the tabular area taken from the table corresponding to a pentagon." On looking at this process, it is strictly scientific. Add to this the fact that I was examining him on different branches of mathematics, requiring the application of different rules, and that he went from one sum to another with rapidity, performing the work in his mind, when asked to, and the wonder is still greater. Then I desired him to find the surface of a sphere. Required the area of the earth, its diameter being 7 921 miles? He replied, as quick as thought, '197.111,024 square miles?' To do it, he had to square 7,921, and multiply the product by 3,1416. Then I wished him to give me the solidity of a sphere; therefore, said I, 'What is the solidity of the earth, the mean diameter being 7,918,7 miles? He writhed, flew rapidly about the room, flashed his eyes, and, in about a minute said, '259,992,792 083.' To do this, he multiplied the cube of 7,918 7 by 5,236. I believe he used a few figures in doing this sum; but it was not necessary, as he performed a much larger one in his mind, as I shall soon show. The next sum I gave him was this: 'How many rails would it require to fence a circular field, so that there shall be as many acres in the field as there are rails around it—the fence being five rails high, and the rails ten feet long, or lying ten feet on the circumference?' 'O,' said he, 'I guess I can't do it. O, yes I can,' said he, leaping on to the floor, and hurrying about the room; and, in about two minutes after he put his mind upon it, he said, 'it will take 136,848,096 rails.' The mode of doing this was ingenious, and shows his power of comprehending not only the nature of a sum, but, also, the mode of performing it. On asking him to explain how he wrought it, he replied, 'If five rails fence ten feet of the circumference, one rail will fence two feet; then I shall have fenced a piece of ground two feet at the circumference and 0 at the centre. But by dividing this in the centre, and reversing the ends, it will be one foot wide. Now how far must this strip of land extend to make an acre? Multiply 160 by 272 1-4, and it will give the square feet in an acre, which is 43,560. This is the radius of the circle. Twice this is the diameter, and the diameter multiplied by 3,1416 gives the feet in the circumference, and that product divided by 2, gives the number of rails, and the number of acres. Or, which is the same thing, as 2 is both a multiplier and a divisor, neglect both steps, and the radius, multiplied by 3 1416, gives the answer.' Now let it be remembered that this boy is only *ten years old*—that he did this sum for the *first* time in about *two minutes*, almost wholly in his head—and who can account for it? Then I asked him about his rule respecting the intersection of circles, and the cutting away of the arca, as reported by Professor Denison. He said it was wrong, and explained to me satisfactorily how the error occurred. The fact is, the boy is sometimes apparently lost in thought, or absent-minded, and unless he is often told to keep his mind on his work, he may, the first you know, be reading or studying out something that seems suddenly to come to his mind. It is possible that this had something to do with the error alluded to. This mistake has been fully explained by his father in the New York Observer. To test him on this point, I inquired, 'Suppose two equal circles cut each other six-twelfths of their diameter, how much of the area will be cut away?' He said, *instantly*, '391 one thousandth.' 'How do you know?' said I. He seized his pencil and slate, drew a diagram, and demonstrated this property; that the area intercepted between the circles is equal to twice the area of a segment of a circle, the area of which circle is equal to one; and the height of the segment is equal to the diameter of the circle multiplied by the number of digits intercepted between the circumference of the two circles, and divided by 24, or 2 ⋈ 12.' I then asked him to give me the cube root of 3,723,-875. He replied, quicker than I could write it, and that mentally, '155, is it not?' 'Yes.' Then said I, 'What is the cube root of 5,177,717?' Said he, '173.' 'Of 7,880,599?' He instantly said, '199.' These roots he gave, calculated wholly in his mind, as quick as you could count one. I then asked his parents if I might give him a hard sum to perform *mentally*. They said they did not wish to tax his mind too much, nor often to its full capacity, but were quite willing to let me try him once. Then said I, 'Multiply, *in your head*, 365,365,365,365-365,365 by 365,365,365,365,365,365!' He flew round the room like a top, pulled his pantaloons over the top of his boots, bit his hand, rolled his eyes in their sockets, and then seeming to be in agony, until, in not more than one minute, said he, '133,491,850,208,566,925,016,658,299,941,583,225!' The boy's father, Rev. C. N. Smith, had each a pencil and slate to take down the answer, and he gave it to us in periods of three figures each, as fast as it was possible for us to write them. And what was still more wonderful, he began to multiply at the left hand, and to bring out the answer from left to right, giving first, '133,491' &c. Here, confounded above measure, I gave up the examination. The boy looked pale, and said he was tired. He said it was the largest sum he ever did!"

This last performance was perhaps never paralleled. It is not so interesting an illustration of the logic power of the child, as others above given; but as a stupendous effort of computation it is absolutely inconceivable, and throws into comparative pettiness the largest calculations of Colburn, or any other singular genius, with which we have become acquainted. We are impressed, indeed, with a sentiment of awe when we think what must be the power and fleetness of thought in the purely spiritual state, when such a child, by the mere accident of a peculiar organization, astounds us by such immeasurable compass and velocity of mind.

The various accounts of this singular example of genius, which found their way into the papers, and especially the one just given, (published in Zion's Herald, January, 1846,) could not fail to excite public attention. The examination by Mr. Adams has been severely condemned as endangering the child's health. It ought to be remembered, however, that it was desirable that an investigation, which should prove decisive to the public opinion, should, once for all, be made, and that the parents, who were the best judges of his health, judged it not imprudent to consent to the test. The publication of the result added much to the interest previously felt for the little mathematician. "What," wrote the Hon. Horace Mann, "what are the desires which a wise man ought to feel after reading such an account?—After gratitude to God for the creation of such intellectual powers, ought he not to wish that these powers may be preserved as a source of blessings to mankind? Here is a boy, only ten years old, who rivals, and, in one respect surpasses, the profoundest mathematicians; for he solves problems in a twinkling which they must work out by tedious and pains-taking processes. Here is a boy at the age of ten—an age when not one boy in the country can do any thing more than the simplest sums in the simplest rules—multiplying *in his head*, eighteen figures by eighteen figures, and bringing out a product of thirty-six figures correctly, in one minute of time; and not merely extracting roots and making logarithms, but measuring the superficial and the solid contents of the earth itself, as a man measures a yard of cloth or a bushel of apples, and casting eclipses of the sun and moon. Should the boy go on for sixty, forty, twenty, or even for ten years, surpassing others of his age as much as he now surpasses them, what wonders of omnipotent wisdom might he not reveal! what unimaginable blessings might not his discoveries confer upon the race!"

The letter in the Herald brought the case under the attention of Professor Pierce, of Harvard University, a gentleman as capable of appreciating it as any one else in the United States. He wrote to the father of the child, proposing a problem as a test of the truth of the narrative. It was as follows: If *a* be one of the sides of an equilateral, spherical triangle, and A one of its angles, prove that sec. A = sec. *a* plus 1.

The solution was sent to Cambridge, and read by Professor Pierce before the session of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in March, 1846.—The Academy appointed a commission to examine the boy, and in the following May he was brought to Boston for the purpose. Professor Pierce addressed a letter, after this visit, to the Boston Courier, in which he says: "I have seen the wonderful Vermont boy, and am not disappointed in him. His early exhibition of the thirst for knowledge, and his capacity to acquire it, have not been exaggerated, and are accompanied with powers of abstraction and concentration rarely possessed at any age, except by minds of the highest order. His attainments are chiefly mathematical and astronomical, and would be highly creditable to a young man of eighteen; he can solve quadratic equations, and compute eclipses, and is familiar with all the elementary portions of geometry, algebra and trigonometry. At his present rate of acquisition, he will himself, at the age of eighteen, be the greatest mathematician alive."

It was universally felt that such a precious gift should be sacredly guarded; that, in the language of Mr. Mann, "rich men ought to offer their gold, as though it were dross, to supply everything that might be necessary for him." Various schemes were addressed to his parents respecting his education and maintenance. A banking institution offered him $1,000 per annum if he would become the calculator of its interests. A philanthropic gentleman of your city, Mr. Longworth, liberally furnished him with books and instruments, and I believe proposed to receive him into his family, and provide for his education. His parents wisely judged, however, that his uncertain health would be safer under the household roof and the guardianship of his mother, whose unremitted care had, thus far, sustained his [illegible]

The examination at Boston resulted, at last, in an arrangement which comprehends every possible convenience for the health and education of Henry. A liberal offer was made by President Everett and Professor Pierce in behalf of certain generous citizens of Boston, to provide for the residence of the entire family at Cambridge, and the thorough instruction of the son. Mr. Safford accordingly removed thither in September, 1846, and for two years past his interesting child has been under the safe care of Messrs. Everett and Pierce, enjoying, meanwhile, the nurture and affections of his own home. He resides about two miles from the college, in a retired locality, amidst the beautiful scenery of Mount Auburn and Fresh Pond. The contract between the family and the gentlemen mentioned is quite specific, prohibiting any undue examination of the boy by curious visitors, placing his intellectual education entirely under the control of the University, and leaving, as it should, his moral training to his parents. The course of studies which he has, thus far pursued at Cambridge, has been adapted, with admirable prudence, alike to his peculiar genius and his frail health. We may feel assured, that if any means can preserve and ripen to its promise fruition this extraordinary intellect, it will not be wanting at Cambridge.

All hopes of the child depend upon his health.—Horace Mann justly remarked, that "he needs a physiologist for his body more than a tutor for his mind." There is some truth, doubtless, in the common opinion, that precocious genius prematurely declines; it is usually, but not invariably, and far from being necessarily true. Few minds have attained greatness without early promise. Newton, Ferguson, Melancthon, Metastasio, and most of the poets, indicated early their destiny. Bossuet preached his first sermon in his fifteenth year. Fenelon dazzled a Parisian audience at the same age. Robert Hall's splendid genius was manifested in its childhood The mathematical genius of Pascal was revealed in his ninth year; in his eleventh he composed a treatise on the nature of sounds; in his sixteenth he published his famous treatise on "conic sections," which Descartes declared to be impossible for a youth of his age. The danger of early genius consists in the liability of its being too active for the cerebral strength or the physical constitution generally. If the one condition of health can be secured, there need be no fear of intellectual declension.—There is no symptom of decline in the interesting case we have been considering, Little Henry, during the two years of his seclusion at Cambridge, has not appeared before the public eye, except in an occasional repetition of the previous notices of the press; it must not thence be inferred that any unfavourable change has occurred in his mental development; it is the result of the wise guardianship of his instructors. Gentlemen of the University assure me that their utmost hopes are thus far sustained by his progress. Their effort is to to restrain him; while his genius remains thus unimpaired, the hope constantly strengthens that he will reach manhood with his splendid faculties, and achieve for science what such faculties, matured, cannot fail to achieve.

His health improves, though very slowly. During the two years of my acquaintance with him, I have observed a gradual invigoration of his slight frame. Your fellow-citizen, the elder Dr. Muzzy, visited him a few weeks since, and consoled the family by his opinion that there were good grounds to hope for his continued improvement. Still, like Pascal, he will probably carry through life the inconveniences of feeble health. His limbs are remarkably slight, his face pallid, and his nervous sensibility exceedingly acute. He cannot sit still, but is restless, with incessant motion, glancing eagerly, but smilingly, from object to object, and weaving his fingers, or twisting his little arms, among the slats of his chair. It must not be supposed that the "agony" so painfully obvious during Mr. Adam's examination is usual to him. The habit of his mind is placid cheerfulness itself. The Rev. Mr. Upham, who examined him at another time, says: "He walks about the room, looks up to you as he passes, with a smile of recognition, he gazes out of the door or window, and, in a few moments, without an apparent effort, declares the answer. His mind is evidently as unfatigued as that of other boys in their usual sports. * * * Whoever enters upon a scrutiny of the achievements of this child in solving the most complicated problems of mathematics, cannot but experience a solemnizing impression that, in his case, the mind is clothed with an energy, which elevates it above the range of humanity, into a near approach to a godlike intelligence."

His moral dispositions are in happy unison with his elevated faculties. He betrays no consciousness of his peculiar superiority, but is modest, gentle, and affectionate—a really loveable child, much more so than is usual with boys of his age. Though his little, pallid face cannot be called handsome in its general contour or expression, yet when illuminated by an expression of feeling or a new thought, it becomes radiant with a transcendent beauty, which, once seen, cannot soon be forgotten.

Such peculiar faculties must, of course, be congenital. His predilection for numbers he probably derives from his father, a hardy farmer, but possessing superior intelligence. Extraordinary mathematical powers seem to have been hereditary in his family. Mr. Safford's own father was noted among his fellow townsmen as "carrying the grand list" of the town—the whole town assessments—in his head. Combined with this original capacity for numbers, young Safford has a peculiarly fine organization, which is, probably, the chief occasion of his precocious and amazing developement. This he derives from his mother; his slight frame and nervous excitability strongly resemble him to her. Her own experience has enabled her to treat rightly the critical case of her child; and the continuance of his life to the present time, and the brilliant hope of its future, he owes to her tender and unwearied care. A letter which I received from his father contains the following reference to her: "His mother is, without doubt, as good a female scholar as the State of Vermont has ever produced: she is the one who, of all others, should have the management of him for years to come, if his life is spared. The whole secret of the child's case is a very happy combination of faculties, all largely developed, an almost purely nervous or mental temperament, and, of course, a very delicate physical organization throughout. His mother has the same delicate nervous temperament, the same thirst for knowledge, without as large reflective faculties as the child, to push into the higher branches of mathematics. Her methods of instructing have been extremely judicious, as she was also a teacher of others before she had a family of her own."

—The "Mourning Shops" in London, it would seem (says the *Literary World*) from the following remarks in the *Spectator*, are likely to lead to some innovations upon the extreme lugubriousness of the English customs in this respect. The writers's pleasantry is not the most decorous in the world, but we do not abridge it, for it tells its story, of the reaction from the musty ceremonies which have furnished staple to the characters of Steele and Dickens. "When Charles Lamb made merry with the undertaker's invitation to be buried in the best of coffins at the most moderate charges, he overlooked one side of the question. His mind naturally inclined to the mournful and